UBLIC

# Tuck him in— Safe

*WHAT a joy it is to tuck him in his warm, fleecy blankets—happy in the thought that everything that can be done to keep him safe from harm has been done.*

FORTUNATE are the mothers of today. They can tuck their babies in bed and rest secure in the knowledge that many of childhood's greatest enemies need never touch them. For one thing, their babies probably will never have smallpox. These wise mothers have seen to it that their little ones are protected by vaccination.

How different it was before vaccination was discovered. Then mothers were powerless against this terrible disease. Among children who died, under 10 years of age, smallpox was responsible for one out of three deaths. Smallpox was more prevalent than measles. Few escaped and the children suffered most. Over and over again it swept the world, leaving its thousands of dead, thousands cruelly disfigured, thousands blind and deaf.

Then came the history-changing discovery—vaccination—and the number of deaths from smallpox went down and down. The end would have been reached but for the well-meaning, but misinformed persons who clamored that "vaccination is a crime"—that "sunshine and cleanliness, not vaccination, drive out smallpox".

If such reckless statements are believed and parents do not have their children vaccinated, smallpox may again attack the children as it did a little more than a century ago. In certain parts of the country, smallpox among children is again on the increase!

In the past, when arm to arm inoculation was common and persons were inoculated direct from smallpox patients, there were many deaths following attempts at prevention. Today, vaccination is safe. The only mishaps that can occur are due to carelessness in protecting the vaccinated area. The vaccine now used is produced under the control and supervision of the United States Government.

Smallpox comes from unsuspected sources. Because it takes 12 days to develop, it is possible for immigrants or returning travellers to bring smallpox into the country with them.

Smallpox can be stamped out only by systematic vaccination. Every child should be vaccinated before he is one year old and again during school years. Immunity wears off in time—anywhere from five to fifteen years *and leaves one again susceptible.* Is it more than seven years since you were vaccinated?

Now—before the danger is upon you—make sure that you and yours are properly protected. Be safe.

**Before the Philippine Islands were occupied by the American Army in 1898, thousands of persons died from smallpox every year. Vaccination carried on under the direction of Army officials drove smallpox down to only 273 deaths in one year.**

**Then came a period when vaccination of children was neglected. As a result, the worst epidemic of modern times broke out in 1918-19 with 60,855 deaths—75 per cent of which were of children under 9 years of age.**

**Our 48 states can be classified in three groups—those in which vaccination is compulsory, those in which it is optional and those which have no laws for vaccination.**

**Statistics show the lowest average number of cases per 100,000 of population in the "compulsory" states, the next highest average in the "optional" states and the highest in the "no-law" states.**

**The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, without cost, booklets which give the facts—"Smallpox" and "The Story of Edward Jenner", the man who discovered vaccination. Send for them.**

**HALEY FISKE, *President.***

*Published by*

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

***Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year***

DEC. 25, 1926

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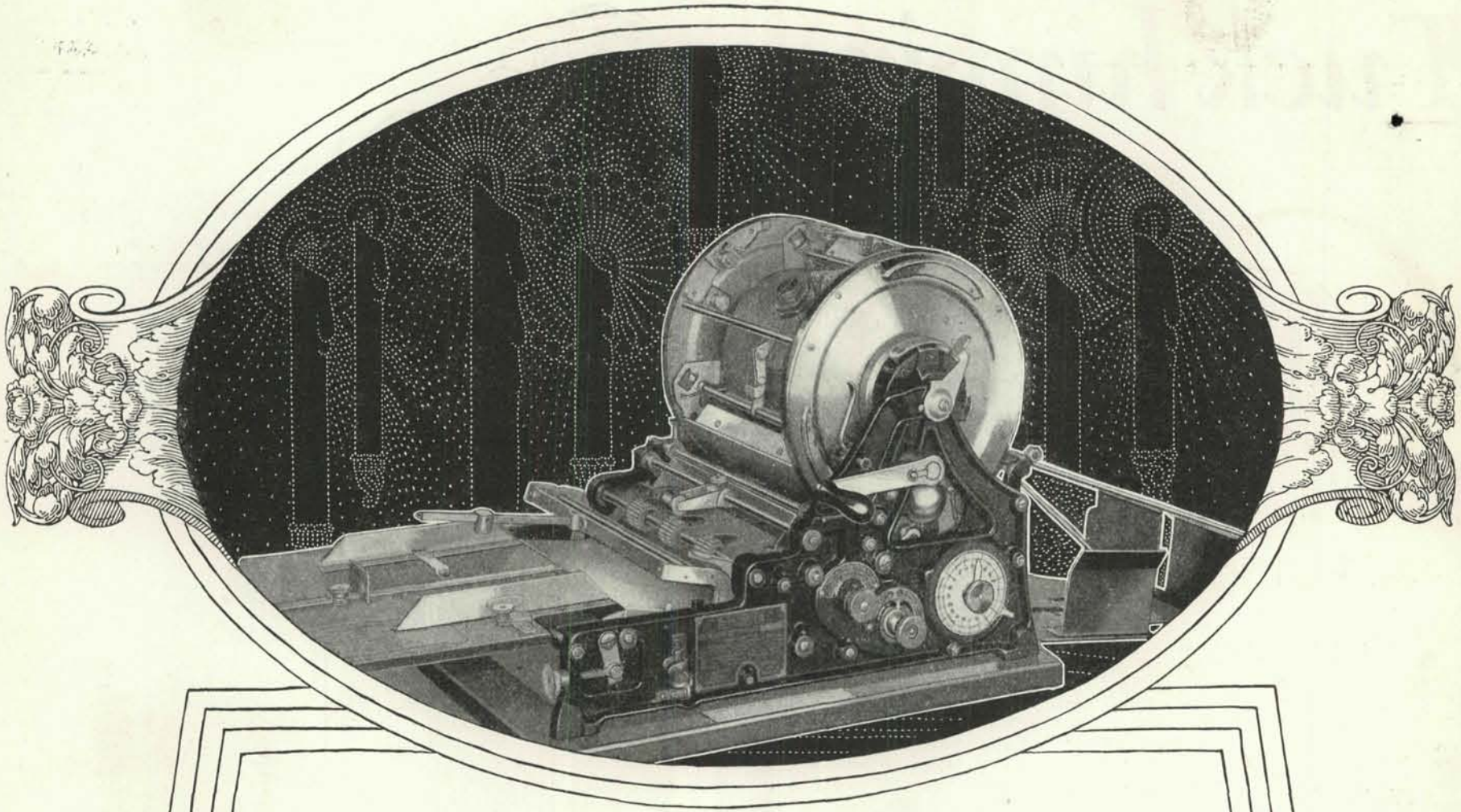

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# Classics in Slang

## By H. C. WITWER

## One-Punch McTague and Victor Hugo wish each other Merry Christmas

## LES MISÉRABLES

A VIVACIOUS Christmas and a Jocund New Years is my best wishes to one and all, customers. Likewise, I hope Messrs. Santy Claus, Kriss Kringle and St. Nicholas showed more common sense with *your* gifts than they done with mine. What *I* found in my stockin' was a nice broken nose, a Yuletide present from Rabbit-Punch Weird, heavyweight champion of Tibet.

Speakin' of kumquats, I've reached the partin' of the ways and expect to stay there as far as Lucifer (Red) Higgins, my formerly manager, is concerned. That ungainly ingrate sold me down the river and washed his hands of me, as the net results of my blood-curdlin' battle with Rabbit-Punch Weird. This cataclysm was discontinued by a finicky referee, on the account he took exceptions to my free-flowin' gore clutterin' up his brand-new white silk shirt. The referee went to work and declared my brutal assailant the winner, and what *I* declared the referee got me a thirty-day suspension at the hands of the Boxin' Commission. Life is like that.

I've wrote to Coolidge about this outrage, but as I go to press, as the tailor says, Calvin and the White House Spokesman is still frantically workin' on their reply.

At this point, a word as to who I am wouldst not be a miss, it wouldst be a mister, as I'm One-Punch McTague, a fightin' bookworm like Gene Tunney, another Marine which landed and soon hadst the situation in hand. On this subject, I don't mind sayin' that I don't think Gene will hold the title for no epoch, when he was unable to put a man to sleep in Philadelphia, of all places!

Well, gentle and versa vice readers, I'm still runnin' Ye Olde Booke Shoppe in the vast reaches of Amsterdam's Avenue, Gotham, which was foisted on me by my uncle, Angus McTague, to celebrate his departure for his grave. Uncle Angus made a fortune sellin' grease to Channel swimmers, till the feat got so common it become effeminate. My head and only saleslady, beautiful Ethel Kingsley, continues to force a education down my throat by makin' me read the classicals, when I ain't knockin' some palooka cold or just the opposite. Before I took up readin' I'll have you know I was so dumb I thought italics was guys which lived in Italy and that Richard iii wrote that popular ballad, "Horses, Horses, Horses."

BUT I'll state matters is different *now* and before long I'll be in the position to go up to Harvard's College and give 'em babies a treat which they ain't had since they stopped playin' football there. Put a bet on me in the runnin' Broad-A event!

Billions of you will no doubtlessly remember that I'm the proud owner of a noted mechanical toy which multiplies with the greatest of frequency in Detroit and has a almost uncanny resemblance to a automobile. (I said *un*canny, not *tin*-canny.) I call it the Pyorrhea Coop, as four out of five has one. I ain't allowed to broadcast the real name of this vehicle, as that wouldst smack of free advertisin' and this bus needs publicity the same way Hades does. How the so ever, it was the only car I couldst afford, and for the while I found it answered nicely all the demands I made on it; namely, to keep rollin'. That's all a ten-thousand-dollar auto canst do and *more* than some of 'em canst do, hey, Hank?

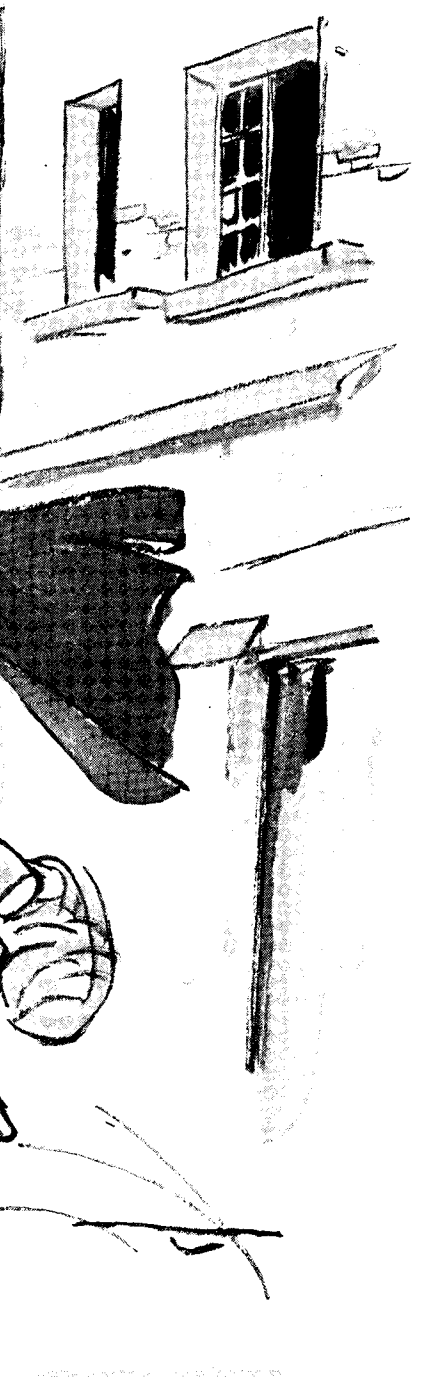
Well, on the Sabbath before I was to exchange buffets with Rabbit-Punch Weird, I cranked up my juggernaut and plowed through the snow around to where Ethel Kingsley abides; objects, motorin'. I rung the bell of this tasty damsel's apartment and she opened the door herself instead of sendin' the maid, on the account she ain't got no maid.

"What brings you around so early?" Ethel remarks, with a dazzlin' smile.

"My second-hand puddle-hopper," I broke down and confessed. "Let's go for a accident in it, hey?"

That nifty killed her and hysterical with glee she put on her hat and coat, fortunately bein' already clothed underneath, and off we went.

The first fifty yards of our ride



*With a maniacal howl he tore off the manhole cover and plunged beneath with Marius on his shoulder*

*Table of contents will be found on page 44*



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passed without incidents, lads and lassies, and then, for no reason at all, one of my puncture-proof tires give us a blow-out. Bein' broad-minded, I didn't exclaim at that so much, though I like to froze to death changin' it, but when the rear end fell out at the next corner I begin to get irritated. I laid forty-five bucks on the line for this can at a antique sale and here it busts right in my face. It looked like I'd been gypped, what I mean!

To make a already bad situation incorrigible, all I know about automobiles is that they'll positively run over you if you ain't plenty agile and like as not a wrist pin is a article of jewelry. What to do? What to do? The snow was now comin' down like snow and the wintry winds was summer breezes alongside of the looks I was gettin' from Ethel, which was hummin' sarcastically, "Thanks for the Buggy Ride!"

THEN one of them new French auto horns which sounds like a braggadocio frog goes off in my ear and nonplused me so that I fell over the spare tire and barked my shapely shins. Full of snow and ire I rose up and stood face to face with my lifelong handicap, Jack Hootmon, only progeny of the ancient Elihu Hootmon, Trillionaire Thumb-Tack King. This banana is as cuckoo over Ethel as I am, with the added advantages of bein' a devotee of Columbia's College and simply dirty with dimes.

"Ah—beauty and the beast, eh?" he grins, from behind the wheel of his shiny, nickel-plated, imported speedster. "How did you come to have a breakdown?"

"I didn't come to have a breakdown, you insipid-lookin' ape; I come to take a ride," I says politely. "Will you give me a tow to my garage?"

"Sorry," he says, uptownin' me and eyin' Ethel longin'ly, "I haven't got a rope."

"That don't chagrin *me*, young-feller-me-lad," I retorts gayly. "We can use your skid chains!"

Suitin' the actions to the words, I yanked off his chains and with the deaf ear to his squawks I hooked my catastrophe on the end of his car.

"Home, James!" I barked at him, and Ethel's laugh caused him to haul off and let his clutch out with the jerk. The jerk ruined me! Hootmon's bus leaped forward and—clunk—by a strange coincidence the front end of my coop parted company with the rest of it and we sunk to the ground with the dullest of dull thuds.

"Haw, haw, haw!" brays this jassack Hootmon. "Why don't you get a horse?"

"This ain't no time for a civil-service examination," I growls, the bit red-headed. "C'mon, Ethel, we'll leave this monkey drive us home!"

Well, that took the play away from him as he couldst not say nay to Ethel, but by the beard of the prophet this jobbie outsmarted me at that!

"I'll bet you five dollars you couldn't drive a *real* car!" he says.

My gamblin instincts, which'll be the death o' me, foamed to the top.

"I can drive anything from a nail to a bargain!" I ejaculates. "Put up your finnif!"

We give Ethel the ten dollars to hold, and though this pretty lady gazed at me with some anxiety as I clambered behind the helm, good people, she was eyther too fond of me or too scared to file a protest. Hootmon and Ethel parked in the back seat, and I drove 'em hithers and yon with the greatest of ease, pullin' this nobby conveyance out of skids, weavin' in and around traffic like the snake, makin' snappy turns and doin' a piece of fifty miles the hour when I seen the time was ripe for it. The snow storm made motorcycle cops as scarce as the word "No!" in a movie studio, and I was gettin' a thrill out of my own ambidexterity, when I got a rush of intelligence to the brain and couldst of kicked myself with petulance. Hootmon's scheme in bettin' me I couldst not pilot his bus hadst fin'ly dawned on me.

For a paltry five-dollar note that big headcheese hadst foxed me into actin' as his chauffeur, whilst he sit in the back and hadst a lovely tête and tête with Ethel. Curses, curses, curses!

How the so ever, if he done any buildin' up with my heavy girl friend on the ways back he was good, what I mean, for I shot to her home at a average speed of nothin' flat and the whole two of 'em was too busy holdin' on to exchange airy small talk!

Well, once at Ethel's retreat, Hootmon is as easy to lose as asthma, though I tried hard to tune him out, and she hadst to ask him up. She concocted some nice hot tea, which we knocked off with cookies to match, whilst talkin' about this and that. In the midst of Hootmon's idiotical braggin' about his cars and his yachts and his miraculous ability at golf, philately, fly swattin' or what am I offered, the doorbell rung and Ethel is only too charmed to excuse herself. I wish that bell hadst been in a ring, so's I couldst of rose up and flattened this Hootmon gilaygo without causin' no untoward comment. The big gossoon!

The interloper in this case turns out to be nothin' less than Lucifer (Red) Higgins, viz, my manager and left-hand man. He smirks coyly at Ethel and nods agreeably to Hootmon, but he presents *me* with the evil frown.

"Drop that tea and shove off to the gym!" he grunts. "If we blow this fight with Rabbit-Punch Weird I'm goin' to sell you!"

"*Sell* him?" exclaims Ethel indignantly. "Why, you'd think he was a vegetable or something!"

"He *is* a vegetable," says Red. "He's a tomato! He hits like dynamite, if it could, and he's as game as a blacksmith's anvil, but his jaw is composed entirely of glass. His defense is as weak as boardin'-house coffee and it would take a lifetime to learn him the fine points of boxin', which he'd immediately forget. Honest to Coolidge, if Rabbit-Punch Weird kisses him off, I'll take a hundred bucks for his contract!"

"His jaw doesn't *look* so weak," spoke up Ethel in my favor.

"Well, alongside of his *brains*, maybe it ain't," grins Red, whilst Hootmon guffaws: "Could I have some lemon in my tea?"

"Sure!" I bursts out, boilin' with rage. "Here's plenty of lemon!"

With that I buried Hootmon's beak to the hilt in Red's cup and stalked out in the highest of dudgeons! So much for that.

THE followin' day whilst fluently cuffin' my sparrin' partners to get in condition for the fray with Rabbit-Punch Weird, I hadst two visitors. The first was the delicious Ethel Kingsley, with a bound volume under her arm.

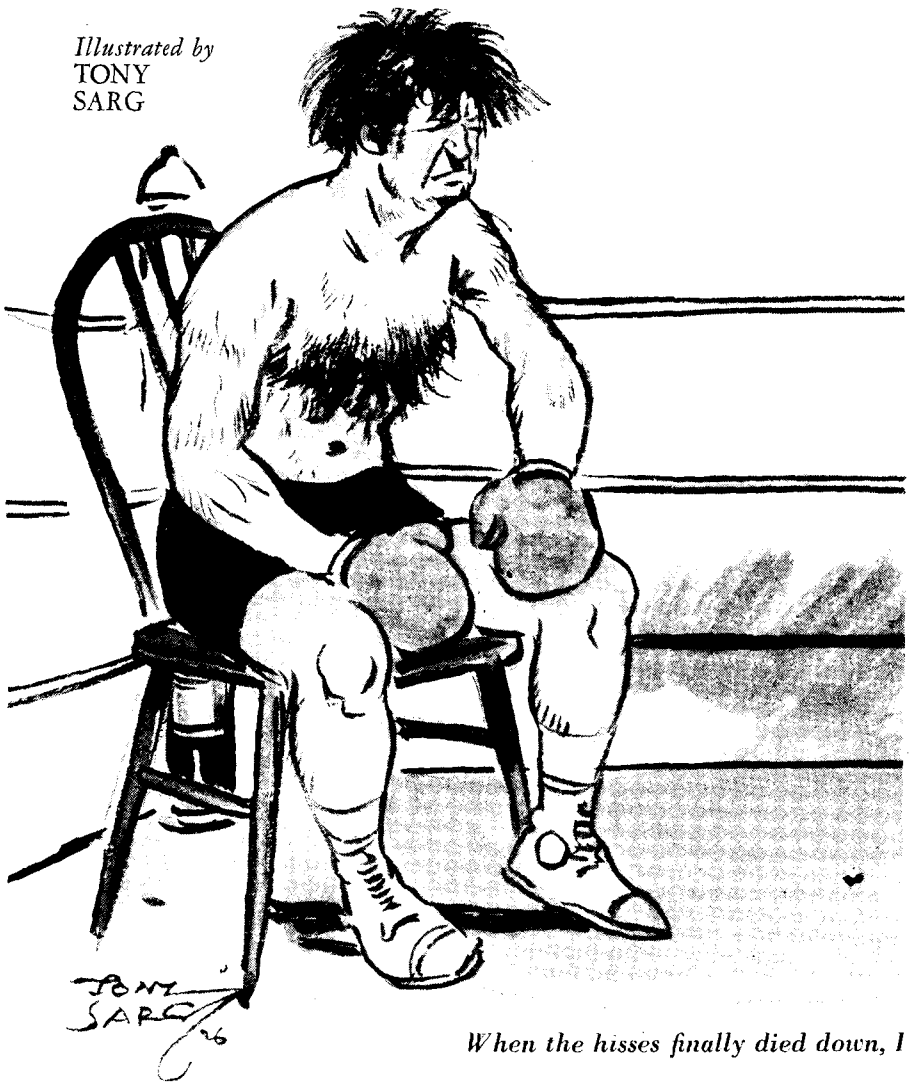
"The sporting writers say you can't lose this bout!" she tells me.

"It won't be the first time I made monkeys out of them experts," I says. "The newspapers claimed likewise that Dempsey couldn't lose, but Jack showed 'em up!"

"Oh, don't be so pessimistic!" scolds Ethel. "Remember, confidence conquers all!"

"But mark you and mark you well, my antagonist's name ain't *All*, it's Rabbit-Punch Weird," I reminds her. "What's that book you got there?"

"It's 'Les Misérables,' by Victor Hugo," she says, handin' it over, "and it's your next lesson in reading, after you box."




*Illustrated by* TONY SARG

*When the hisses finally died down, I*

"I'll prob'ly be plenty mis*erah*ble after I box, without readin' a tome on it!" I murmured.

"Now you must cheer up," Ethel requests. "I just *know* you're going to win! You're surely not going to lose with *me* at the ring side, are you?"

"Well, you couldst move back a few rows," I suggests.

Just then who strolls in but Jack Hootmon, my "no" man.

"Where's your manager?" he asks me, like I'm somebody's butler.

"How do *I* know?" I says, puttin' on the chill. "I'm his meal ticket, not his social secretary! What d'ye want with him, Useless?"

"I'm going to buy you from him!" grins this dizzy Humpty Dumpty.

"I'll make a distance runner out of you in a minute!" I roars, instantly runnin' a temperature. "Can you imagine me winnin' a fight with *you* in my corner?"

"I can't imagine *you* winning a fight with a machine gun in your corner!" he sneers courteously.

With a exclamation of distaste, I reached on the rack and hurled a ten-pound dumb-bell at this hundred-and-seventy-pound one—ie, Jack Hootmon—but it missed him and crashed through a window. That fit of ennui cost me four dollars for a new pain of glass—just another bad break, what I mean!

Well, the night of my brawl with Rabbit-Punch Weird rolled around as nights will and as I nimbly leaped into the ring at the Roughneck A. C. the noisy crowd give me a ovation. When the hisses fin'ly died down, I looked across the ring at my playmate, and cold shivers played tag on my quiverin' spine, for he was a nightmare if they ever was one! You know, the kind which Billy Gibson will keep his handsome charge away from, as accidents will happen in the ring the same as anywheres else. I thought at first my bullet-headed vis-a-vis was wearin' a fur coat, till I seen that was only the hair on his giant chest and arms. He was the hugest thing I ever seen in my checkered career, and I hope to tell you the look of greetin' he flung at me wouldst of scared a gorilla into hysterics!

To make matters worse, my goofy handlers got so terrified starin' at this monster that one of 'em shoves the sponge into my mouth instead of the water bottle, and when I testily yanked it out the other clown give me a drink of ammonia. It's little things like these, my countrymen, which has upset my piece of mind and cost me many's the glorious victory!

CLANG! The bell rings out on the night air and Rabbit-Punch Weird shoves the referee to one side and scurries across the ring at me, with the vile objects of givin' me the last lesson first.

I met his rush with a dirty look and we clinched. Whilst at close quarters, this scissor-bill stuck his mouth to my ear and give vent to a hair-raisin' whistle which like to deafened me.

"Is that fair?" I asks him gently, in the meanwhile buttin' him under the chin with my head and knockin' out

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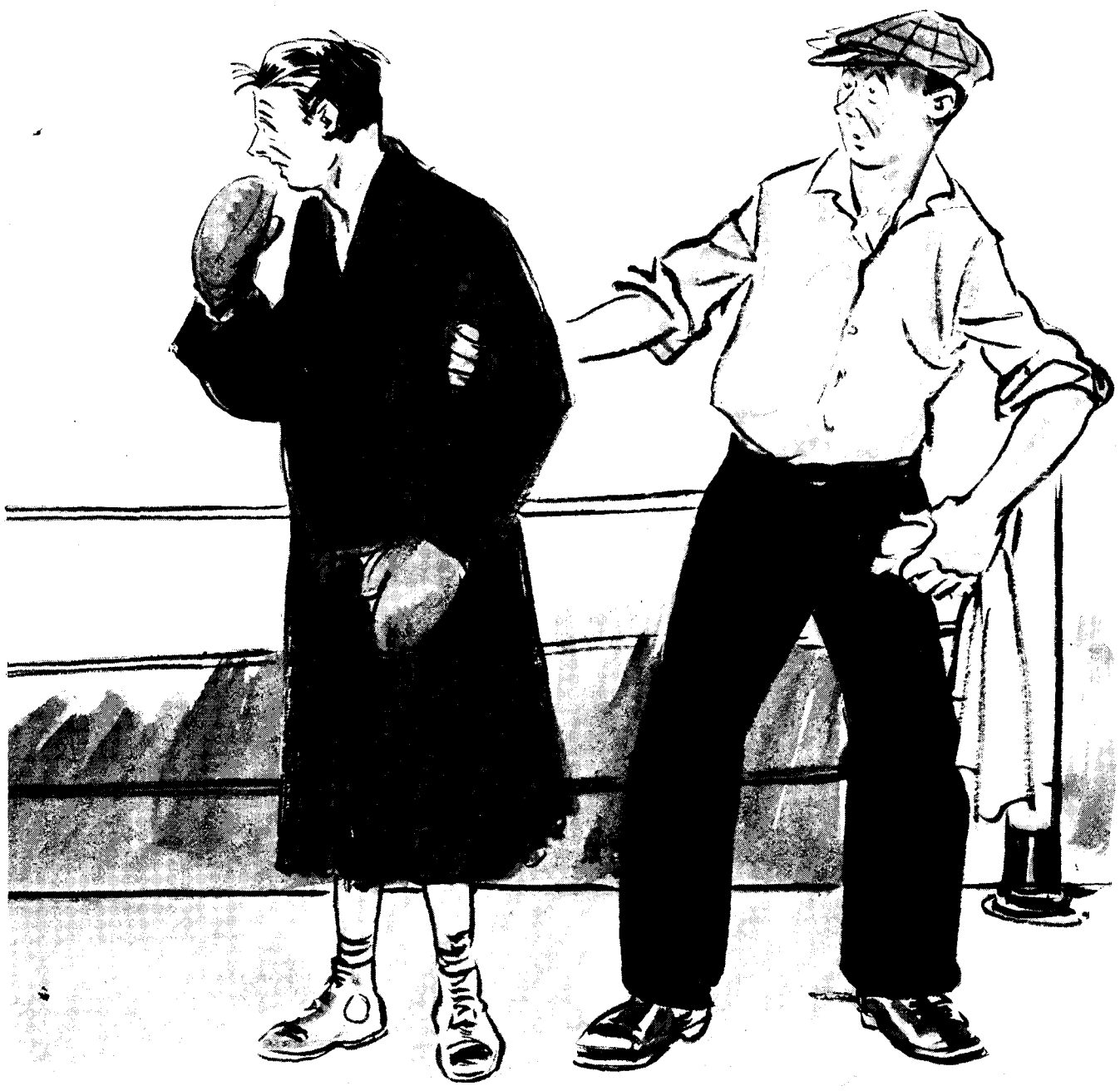

*looked across the ring at my playmate. He was a nightmare if ever they was one*

a whole flock of his pearly teeth. Hey, hey!

This impromptu exhibition of dentistry seemed to enrage Monsieur Weird and he let go a wicked right swing for my jaw, but I was too smart to be caught nappin' and blocked the punch with my eye, which immediately closed for the night. This skillful parry wowed the mob, which went into a uproar without leavin' the club house. My next imitation was a sizzlin' left and right to Rabbit-Punch Weird's ugly features and both wallops landed—on the ropes behind him.

WE DANCED gayly around each other, me doin' the black bottom and my adversus the charleston, but the referee was no patron of the light fantastic and he demanded some assault and battery forthwith, or else— I obliged by smackin' Mr. Weird to the canvas with a pungent left hook to his digestive organs, but he bounced up like his old man was a tennis ball and no sooner is he erect when he sunk his glove wrist-deep in my face.

Ain't we got fun!

My manly nose give way under the strain of that contretemps and begin to bleed furiously. One of my lustrous orbs was closed tight and the only other eye I hadst with me was gettin' ready to follow suit. Though I couldn't see my cruel attacker, I swung with vigor and vim, but I couldn't even hit the referee I was so blind. Every time Rabbit-Punch Weird socked me lustily in the lug the blood from my shopworn nose wouldst spatter the referee's white shirt.

Pretty soon the dapper official got choleric.

I hadst just went into a frantic clinch with the ring post, thinkin' it was Mr. Weird, when the referee taps me on the shoulder.

"You're through for the night, chump!" he says. "Cheez, you look like a valentine, and this other punk will only kill you if I leave this burlesque go on. I don't mind you bein' killed in the least, but you bleed a mean nose, and I had all the showers of gore I can take!"

Before I couldst make a witty retort, this bozo has held up Rabbit-Punch Weird's glove, proclaimin' him the winner to the world.

I just hadst one of my bad nights, but I wouldst of clicked at that hadst my pan only held out.

"I'm off you forever and aye!" howls Red Higgins at me, when I arrived at my corner. "I just sold your contract!"

"To who?" I inquired, with no little interest, "Jack Hootmon?"

"No!" snarls Red. "You're now boxin' under the management of your sweetie, Ethel Kingsley—add *that* up!"

"Well, for Heaven's sake!" I exclaims, crownin' Red with the water bucket for auld lang syne. "What will people say?"

The beautiful clerkess of my book store and the maiden I'm in love with to boot is now my pilot! Will wonders never cease? as the guy remarks whilst viewin' the four-headed tomcat.

Heigh-ho! Well, here's "Les Miserables," a bigger and better fairy tale throwed by Victor Hugo.

Read it and weep!

## LES MISÉRABLES

*By Victor Hugo & One-Punch McTague*

ONCE upon a time a burly stranger breezed into a little slab in that dear Frawnce, tired, dusty and ragged from a long game of pedestrianship. The facts that he was afoot caused him to be viewed with suspicious looks, as in them days everybody traveled on stilts, except the upper classes, which hadst their own gnus to carry 'em.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, our hero kept on walkin' till he reached the drum where the bishop lived and knocked smartly on the door. In a trice he was inside.

"How are they breakin', Bish?" the newcomer says. "I'm Jean Valjean and I been a galley slave for nineteen years come Arbor Day. That shouldst of rated me a job in that movie Ben Hur, but I get the air wherever I go on the account I'm a escaped convict. I'm as homeless as a milk bottle! Tough, what?"

"I'll say it is!" agrees the bishop, which was nothin' if not big-hearted. "Sit down and knock off some chow, Big Boy; you look in dire straits!"

Whilst showin' the inner man some consideration, Jean told the bishop the reason he'd done the nineteen-year stretch was for stealin' one loaf of bread. The bishop said nothing—just coughed.

Jean couldn't get no shut-eye that night from thinkin' of the high prelate's kindness to him, so to show his gratitude he grabbed all the silverware in the joint and took it on the run. He was no Nurmi, how the so ever, and was soon brung back by the cops. But to the amazement of all, includin' me and Victor Hugo, the jovial bishop told the John Laws everything was jake, because he'd gave the heirlooms to Jean for him to get a new start in life. As long as the whole silly affair was only in a novel, what did the bishop care?

Jean turned up again in the village of Oo La La and by improvin' on the shape of mustache cups, the chief manufacture of the town, this go-getter soon become a wealthy millionaire. He called himself Father Madeleine and on that account the yokels laughin'ly made him mayor. Everything was hotsy totsy and Jean was sittin' handsome.

BUT they was one bird which thought the mayor was phoney and that was the chief of police, Javert, whose old man was so stingy he wouldn't give him a first name. Javert hadst been born in jail and spent his life tryin' to make everybody permanent visitors to his birthplace. Hearin' that Father Madeleine hadst adopted a cunnin' little tot entitled Cosette, Javert went to him and says the followin':

"Well, they fin'ly nailed Jean Valjean. He's goin' to jail at Paris next week!"

"So's your aunt Anastasia!" remarks Father Madeleine, unperturbed. "I happen to be Jean Valjean myself!"

"That's what I thought!" grins Javert. "You fell for my plant like the Jasper you are! Will you go to Paris peaceable and take the rap, or shall I call my minions?"

"I love that," says Jean. "I bet you don't even know what a minion is, you big sapolio!"

But, nevers the less, he checked out for Paris that same night and told all to the police, which was so charmed to see him that they sent him to the galleys for life, with the idea of turnin' him into a master oarsman as a reward for him givin' himself up.

D'ye think all this bothered Jean Valjean? Hades, no! That very same Xmas he come to light again in Sacre Bleu, the French hamlet where he'd put little Cosette to board. He paid her bill and left without stealin' anything, as he was gettin' absent-minded, and they moved into a handsome garret in gay Paree.

Jean never bounded around in the daytime as he was duckin' the galley cops, not cravin' to go back to that tiresome rowin' racket no more. But at eve he done all his prowlin' with the other dips which pass in the night, and one gloamin' whilst droppin' a gulden in a beggar's hat he got the thrill which comes once in a lifetime. The beggar was the gumshoe, Javert. More grief!

Scamperin' home, Jean grabbed Cosette and they done a fade-out, with Javert and a battalion of dicks hot on their French heels. They come to a high wall and Jean Valjean hadst to laugh. He'd climbed so many hoosegow walls that this one was a pipe for him. Over he leaps with Cosette in his arms and lands in a convent.

"Nuns the word!" says Jean to the good sisters and stayed there six years as landscape gardener. Javert done nothin' but gnash his teeth all durin' that period.

Jean then went through the motions of changin' his name to Fauchelevent and havin' a yen for the bright lights he again went back to Paris, where Cosette grew up to be a traffic stopper of the first water with more curves than a corkscrew. One of her first acts was to sink to the (*Continued on page 45*)

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# "Hit 'em a Mile" By GRANTLAND RICE

*When the brain doesn't click just right and the muscular system, lacking balance, gets tied up in a knot, even Hercules would be a flop in sport*

Wide World

*Jumping by meters but thinking of yards, LeGendre set a world record*

U. & U.

*Perfect timing does far more for Babe Ruth than his jumbo bat*

IN THE last Olympic games (according to a story that went the rounds) someone was delegated to drop a marker for LeGendre of Georgetown at a distance of 7 yards from the take-off in the broad-jump test.

It was figured that LeGendre, who had been clearing 23 feet, could make his usual distance beyond the 21-foot mark. But the marker, by mistake, was dropped 7 meters from the take-off instead of 7 yards—an extension of nearly 2 feet.

LeGendre, knowing he could easily jump beyond 21 feet and thinking the marker was placed at this distance, cleared the 7-meter marker without calling on any extra mental effort and thereby set a world's record at 25 feet 6 inches.

If LeGendre had known that he was to clear a marker 23 feet away the chances are that the extra mental effort, or the mental suggestion of extra effort, would have left a kink in the smoothness of his jump and brought him down a foot or two short of the record.

Lack of conscious effort, or lack of mental suggestion that calls for extra effort, is one of the main foundations from which power is propelled. It isn't the entire story, but it is at least a big part of the story that is seldom given any thought.

During the recent football season I saw Tom Hamilton, the star Navy back, attempt a field goal from around the 40-yard line. The extra effort he attempted to put into the drop kick from this distance sent the ball wide and short, for there was no rhythm or smoothness to his leg and foot action.

Against Michigan he had a shot at the goal from the 28-yard line, within easy range. On this occasion, knowing that a normal thump would send the ball over, the rhythm and the smoothness of good kicking form came to his help and the ball, sailing high above the bar, fell more than 25 yards beyond.

The same drop kick would have made the goal from the 45-yard mark with something to spare. The mental hazard of the longer range had been removed in the second case.

The application of power is one of the most interesting studies in sport, since it carries a mixture of the mental and the physical side that only a few ever acquire to any consistent degree.

## Why Ruth is Lord of Swat

THE general idea is that power is all physical. But there must be a blend of the two ingredients to get the result that cheers the competitive soul. When there is a thought of knocking the ball a mile or kicking the ball out of the lot or applying more than usual power, the muscular system promptly gets tied up in a knot with more power pumped in than the human system can control.

Consistent power must first start from mental smoothness that eliminates any thought of conscious effort or extra pressure. You can take the case of a pole vaulter.

I saw one of the best of the vaulting group face the crossbar at 13 feet. He not only cleared at this distance but he had a margin of at least 8 or 10 inches. That same vault would have cleared at 13 feet 8 inches or 13 feet 10 inches. The bar was then placed at 13 feet 6 inches and the next two efforts were complete failures.

In each case the vaulter, attempting the extra distance with the mental side suggesting an increased height, lost his form in the wild lurch that followed.

Power in the matter of punching, batting, driving a golf ball, hitting a tennis ball, or kicking a football, is merely the ability to apply maximum speed through the moment of impact. Power is mass and momentum hooked together, but in the main the mass equation is practically the same in most games.

Babe Ruth, of course, has a physical advantage in being big enough and strong enough to swing a heavier bat than the average ball player can manipulate. The war club of the average player weighs around 38 or 40 ounces. The bludgeon that Ruth uses weighs 52 ounces.

As the Babe can make a 52-ounce bat sing through the air with as much speed as other players can impart to a 38-ounce club, he has the combination of both mass and momentum working for him. But the main secret of Ruth's power is his perfect timing. In the last world series in one St. Louis game he hit three home runs in three times at bat when they were pitching to him, and in each instance the smoothness of his swing and the coördination of hands, hips and body were as close to perfection as a mere human can attain.

He hit one home run that sailed on a line more than 400 feet into the centerfield bleachers, and while he put a tremendous punch to this blow his physical team play remained perfect and there was no sign of a kink in the smoothness of his swing.

The two consistently longest hitters in golf are Abe Mitchell and Bobby Jones. They get a longer average range from the tee without trying to kill the ball, for their first concern is to keep the ball down the fairway.

## The Right Kind of Bracer

WHERE do they get their power? Jones weighs only 150 pounds; Mitchell around 165. They are both unusually strong in hands and wrists. Mitchell has powerful forearms. But this is only a start. The basis of their power is perfect timing and perfect balance in the wake of body turning or pivoting that yields the greatest leverage.

The left sides of both, knee and shoulder, turn well to the right, where the weight is correctly distributed in the way of balance. As their down swings start the weight is then transferred to the left leg, where they have something in the way of a brace to hit against as they slash through the ball. If this weight is transferred forward too slowly or too quickly, a large part of both power and control is destroyed.

Jones and Mitchell are not physically stronger than many other golfers, but their swings are better grooved and they can transfer weight more consistently in the act of applying the punch.

There is no sudden hitting, no sudden muscular tightening before the club head reaches the ball. It is gathering speed on the way through where the final "whiplike" effect comes from hitting to a large extent against the left leg and in the case of Abe Mitchell against the left hand and wrist.

If you watch Abe Mitchell and Bobby Jones you will see again that the true basis of power is rhythm and smoothness, an unhurried sweep where everything is in the right place at the right time. They have adjusted all the mechanical details until they are instinctive. They haven't any temptation along the line of conscious effort, since it has become subconscious through play and practice.

## Two Kinds of Balance

NO ONE showed to better effect the value of muscular team play than Jack Dempsey in his younger days. He was able to drop a 200-pounder with a blow that traveled only eight or ten inches because the muscles under his shoulder, forearm, and wrist all worked together like some big motor with a world of driving force. Dempsey also had the knack of transferring his weight at the right moment to the right or left leg, and then hitting against either leg as a brace.

There is a knack in letting the weight come forward at the right time in support. If it is sent forward too quickly, it gets in the way and kills power. If it is delayed, it takes away most of the supporting force. It is hard to pick up any force when one is leaning a trifle backward at the moment of impact.

Jack Delaney is built somewhat along frail lines without any great physical bulk to bank on. Yet Delaney can hit harder than almost any heavyweight in the game because he punches from perfect balance with all the needed team play from back, shoulder and wrist.

Speed and power can rarely be acquired by too much hurry. In the last Harvard-Princeton game young Lawler, Princeton's star end, picked up a loose ball on Harvard's 27-yard line. He had an open field with a world of time, but after the pick-up he attempted to put on too much speed, and he fell.

Greater experience would have given him greater mental poise at the big moment, and this mental poise would have allowed his feet and legs to work automatically, without being driven beyond their normal limit.

The main point in producing power is to acquire balance, correct technique, mental poise that is backed up by determination and concentration. The result is a wallop.

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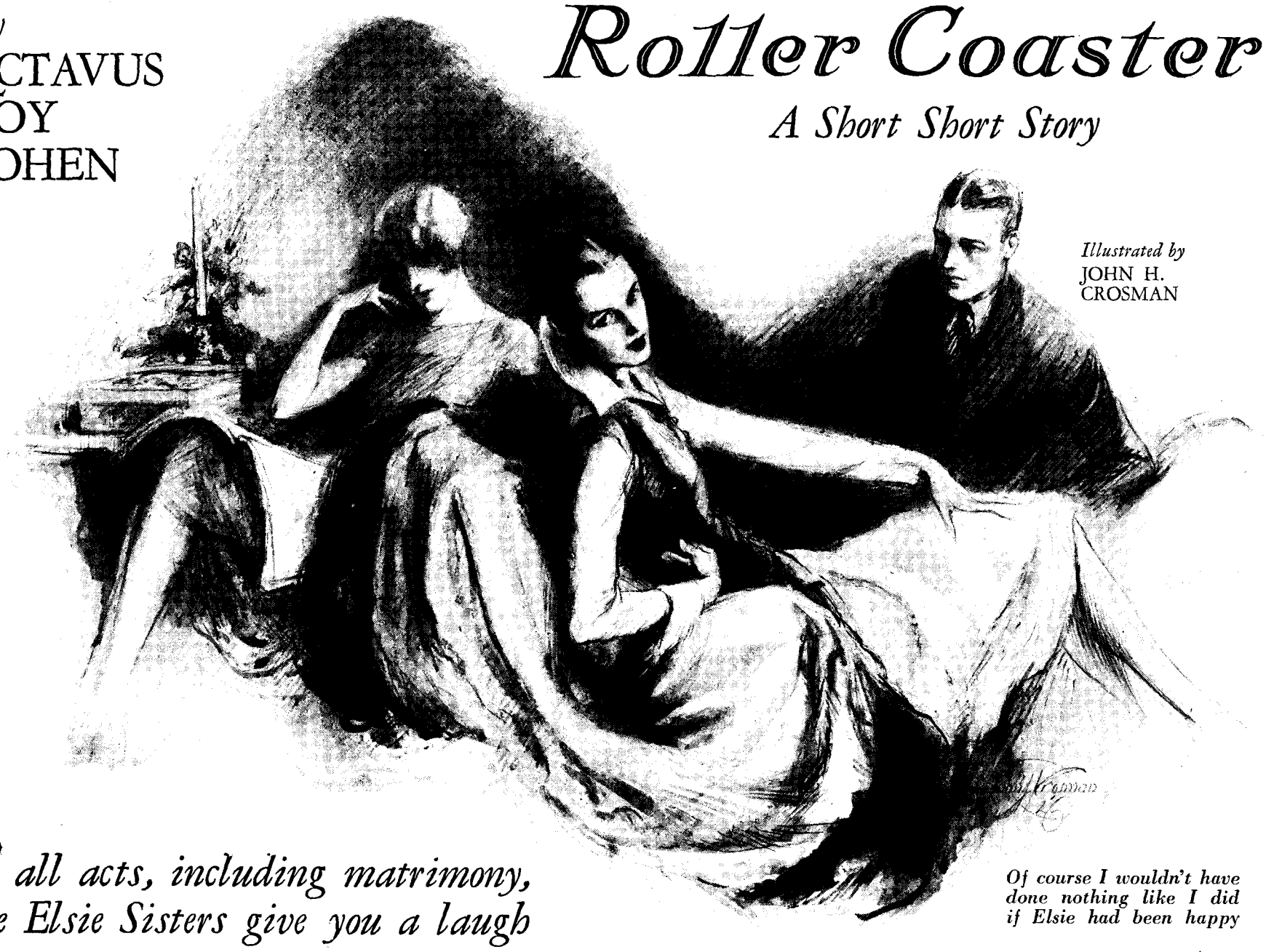
*By*
OCTAVUS
ROY
COHEN

# *Roller Coaster*

## *A Short Short Story*

*Illustrated by*
JOHN H.
CROSMAN



*In all acts, including matrimony, the Elsie Sisters give you a laugh*

*Of course I wouldn't have done nothing like I did if Elsie had been happy*

I GUESS I shouldn't of been surprised when Elsie showed up with a husband. She's that kind of a girl—try anything once. Take her to any amusement park and she'll ride the worst roller coaster and eat the biggest hot dogs, though she hates 'em both.

I guess that's how she happened to think about marrying Eddie Watson. Marriage was just something she felt she had a right to know all about.

But when you and another girl have been sistering around the pretty big time for five years, sharing each other's money and secrets, it's kind of queer when she introduces you to a big, good-looking blond chap and announces that here's what she supports from now henceforth.

I AND Elsie are billed as The Elsie Sisters, Musical Entertainers, and while we haven't ever headlined at the Palace, we don't get the acrobats sore by taking their opening spots either. And of course we ain't really sisters, and, as far as that goes, my name ain't Elsie, although hers is. My name is Kate, but I didn't think that was a good name for vaudeville.

Well, the minute Elsie come back from her vacation to start out on thirty weeks of Southern time, I knew something was wrong, and when she introduced me to Eddie and said he was her husband by marriage, I knew what it was.

Eddie is a nice boy. He's got charm and a sort of appeal. He's big and broad-shouldered, and he ain't burdened with foolish pride. He was perfectly willing to share Elsie's salary and to do any little odd jobs of shooting pool and the like which might come up while we was busy in the theatre.

As a matter of fact, he wasn't the sort of feller Elsie should have married. She should have got wed to a steady-going business man, if any. And I guess they hadn't been married three months before Elsie knew that just as good as I did, because she went around with a sort of a mistaken look in her eyes like a kid that has bought himself a boat and ain't got any water to sail it in.

She liked Eddie, but he wasn't built to be her husband, and she knew it. And I knew she knew it. And she knew that I knew she knew it. As for Eddie—

I'm not knocking him. He never was in a bad humor, and he didn't quarrel, and he didn't spend too much of Elsie's salary—very often. He was real nice to me too, where you'd think maybe he'd be sore on account of me taking half the team's weekly pay envelope. But he was broad-minded, as he told me often enough. You see, he insisted on traveling with us. Said work didn't agree with him—and I guess that was why he was always so healthy.

HE SAID I was a swell girl, and he appreciated my being teamed up with Elsie, and he admitted she was a pretty good kid too.

As I said, it didn't take me awful long to see that Elsie had made a mistake.

Guess I knew it before she did. She had got herself into something she didn't know how to get out of . . . but wishing she did. That was when I decided to help her.

Of course I wouldn't have done nothing like I did if Elsie had been happy. But just like she'd ride a roller coaster and wish she was off of it before it got going good—she was that way about this marriage business. And I was only doing her a favor in the first place, as she herself admitted afterward.

I ain't Elsie's type at all. She's blond and fluffy, and I'm brunette and sort of haughty. Classic, you know. I guess I might of been a riot in the Follies if they had caught me young enough. But, anyway, from the number of insults I receive every week, I guess I'm pretty good-looking even yet.

Well, you see, I started out to vamp this sap, Eddie; sizing him up correct as the sort that any woman could make an impression on if she kept on explaining his good points to him. He's a wonderful little agreer when it comes to that.

Mind you, I ain't saying Eddie was a bum. Nothing like that. He was really chawming, don't yuh know. But not worth a durn. Kind that was born to be a millionaire but Daddy slipped into the bricklaying profession. He just wasn't Elsie's type, although I never kicked about his traveling over the circuit with us.

Well, I let him understand that I thought he was pretty much there—in which he agreed with me unanimous. I used to ask his advice about the act and then not listen while he was explaining things. He loved to talk. Said he felt real useful and his suggestions never even seemed to give him a headache. Nothing spoiled them elegant good looks of his. He was the classic type. Him and me both. Elsie wasn't classic at all. She and him didn't fit, and I knew she was going to thank me for showing him up in his true colors and giving her a chance to call off the deal.

I AIN'T sure whether the sun was shining or not, but I made lots of hay. The way that bimbo fell for me was like a large rock which has skidded off a cliff.

I was kind of tickled too. It was not only easy, but I knew I was doing Elsie a big favor, and also it was heaps of fun.

Finally, when I've got him hooked, tied and anchored I go straight to Elsie and spill all the dope. "He ain't worth any woman's time," I says to her—"let alone her money. And the sooner you're divorced from him the quicker you'll be happy again."

She gives me a hug and a kiss. "You're certainly right, Kate," she says. "And if you can just get Eddie to consent to us getting a divorce . . ."

That was as easy as feeding apple pie to a fat man. Only thing that surprised me was that Eddie didn't ask for any alimony.

So that was how I saved Elsie from the mistake of a wrong marriage. She's happy as a lark, although she continues to fall for roller coasters once in a while.

Eddie? Oh! He's still traveling with the act.

Uh-huh. I married him.

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# Christmas ain't what it used to be

MR. S. CLAUS, sometimes known as Christopher Kringle, the directing genius of the greatest distributing house in the world, was sitting at his desk, a worn look upon his bearded face.

He was running frenziedly through an avalanche of mail, always heaviest the last two weeks before Christmas. He seemed harassed and depressed. There was an air of disillusionment about him. He seemed, in fact, to have aged two or three hundred years since last December.

"Take another letter," he was saying to one of his several thousand stenographers, a little woman who had evidently bobbed her hair on a bet she could look like "Tammany" Young if she wanted to.

"Mr. Wallace Ikk . . . put two t's in the Ikk . . . general manager manufacturing department comma My Dear Ikk semicolon please cut out at once production of any and all gifts worth less than $50 and greatly reduce our estimated production of goods costing less than $200 period. Returns from our field forces show that American little boys and girls will not even consider cheaper presents period. Practically every request is for most expensive products period. Very truly and so forth."

"Yeth, thir," lisped the stenographer.

### Go on. Ask for a Sedan

"TAKE another," went on Santa. "Master Willie Jones, 65 Maple Street, Syracuse, N. Y. Dear Master Jones colon. Your letter of the 6th inst. received and in reply beg to state that it is the only refreshing note in an exasperating morning's mail period.

"New paragraph. It gratifies me beyond words to hear that there is one little boy left in the United States who will be satisfied on Christmas morning with a jackknife comma a game of parchesi comma and a Noah's ark period. I had come to think such gifts would be regarded as an insult period. Rest assured you shall have your requests honored period. Your dear friend and so forth."

"Uhuh," mumbled the stenographer, shifting her gum.

"Another," continued Mr. Claus. "Mrs. Minnie Whoops, 465 Sylvan Lane, Rochester, N. Y. Dear madam colon. I have your letter saying that you are a widow lady and the mother of six little children and that you would like a seven-passenger sedan with two spares period. To give the kiddies the comforts to which other children are accustomed period.

"New paragraph. The demand for automobiles for Christmas has become so general that I have been compelled to build 65 new shops and turn over to this work all the forces formerly employed in the parlor magic comma rag doll comma water color sets comma air rifle comma and doll house departments period.

"New paragraph. In addition it might interest you to know that we have practically closed down the departments manufacturing iron fire engines and that our 356-acre plant, which was kept busy for so many years manufacturing skates, musical tops, harmonicas and blackboards, is now entirely devoted to the production of roadsters and runabouts period. As there are millions of other poor families suffering from the lack of sedans too comma it will be impossible to gratify the wishes of all but I will do what I can period. Very sincerely and et cetera."

"A gentleman to see you," announced a secretary.

"That will be all for now, Miss Abercrombie," said Mr. Claus, wearily dismissing his stenographer.

"Where are you from?" he asked as the gentleman entered.

"Collier's Weekly," replied the visitor.

"I remember the name, but your front-page covers are snappier," replied Santa, mopping his brow. "What can I do for you? Please don't tell me you have a little daughter Gladys, aged eleven years, who wants a mink coat."

"Not at all," assured the Collier's man. "Her tastes run to sable, but that's another matter. I've come up to interview you on your business. It has been suggested that it has changed tremendously during the past decade."

"You said a mouthful," declared Mr. Claus. "Can you keep a secret?"

"Probably not."

"Very good. Then listen: If I had my life to live all over again, this gift business is the last thing in the world I'd go in for!"

The reporter was quite moved, and Santa sensed it.

"I mean it," he declared, rising and

*"No gift business for me—if I had my life to live over again"*

pacing the floor. "I would be a great doctor or a lawyer or a journalist or a Henry Ford efficiency man, or something, but never a combination of a male Pollyanna and Sears-Roebuck. It used to be all right when the great rank and file of people had to make the piece of corned beef go three days, when Little Dora's muff of dyed cat had to last seven seasons, when a good sled was considered a luxury by the average small boy, and when the mill and factory front yards were not full of closed cars belonging to the laborers.

"A little gift like a set of wooden soldiers, a pair of mittens or a copy of Mother Goose Rhymes went a long ways in those days. If I give the average American boy a set of wooden soldiers to-day, he is off me for life. It's very discouraging."

"Why don't you give up?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mr. Claus. "I'm getting along in years and it's the only game I know. It's pretty hard at the age of one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six years to ask a feller to take up insurance selling, cartooning at home or Belgian hare raising."

"You really are disheartened?"

"Awfully," said Mr. Claus.

### You Have to be Good to Get It

HE SAID it sadly. He went on: "It's almost impossible to please people with the means at my command. You take churches, for example. It used to be the custom for the Sunday school teachers to distribute gifts. You just try to hold a boy in church to-day with the prospect of a bone-handled knife or a girl with hair ribbons. The old-fashioned custom has practically disappeared from church life. Any present the kids would consider acceptable to-day would represent a sum sufficient to pay the pastor's salary for a year."

"Are the wants of the really poor people exorbitant?" asked the Collier's man.

"The really poor people have practically disappeared in America," declared Mr. Claus. "I really know comparatively few destitute families that haven't a touring car. Years ago I could have delighted 'em by dropping around with a basket of groceries. To-day nothing will tickle 'em short of a couple of balloon tires or a new top. Believe it or not, this is a typical letter to Santa:

*"Dear Santa Claus:*

"Daddy wants me to write you and tell you what we want for Christmas. I am 12 years old and have a sister who is 10. We haven't much money and so sister would like you to bring her a

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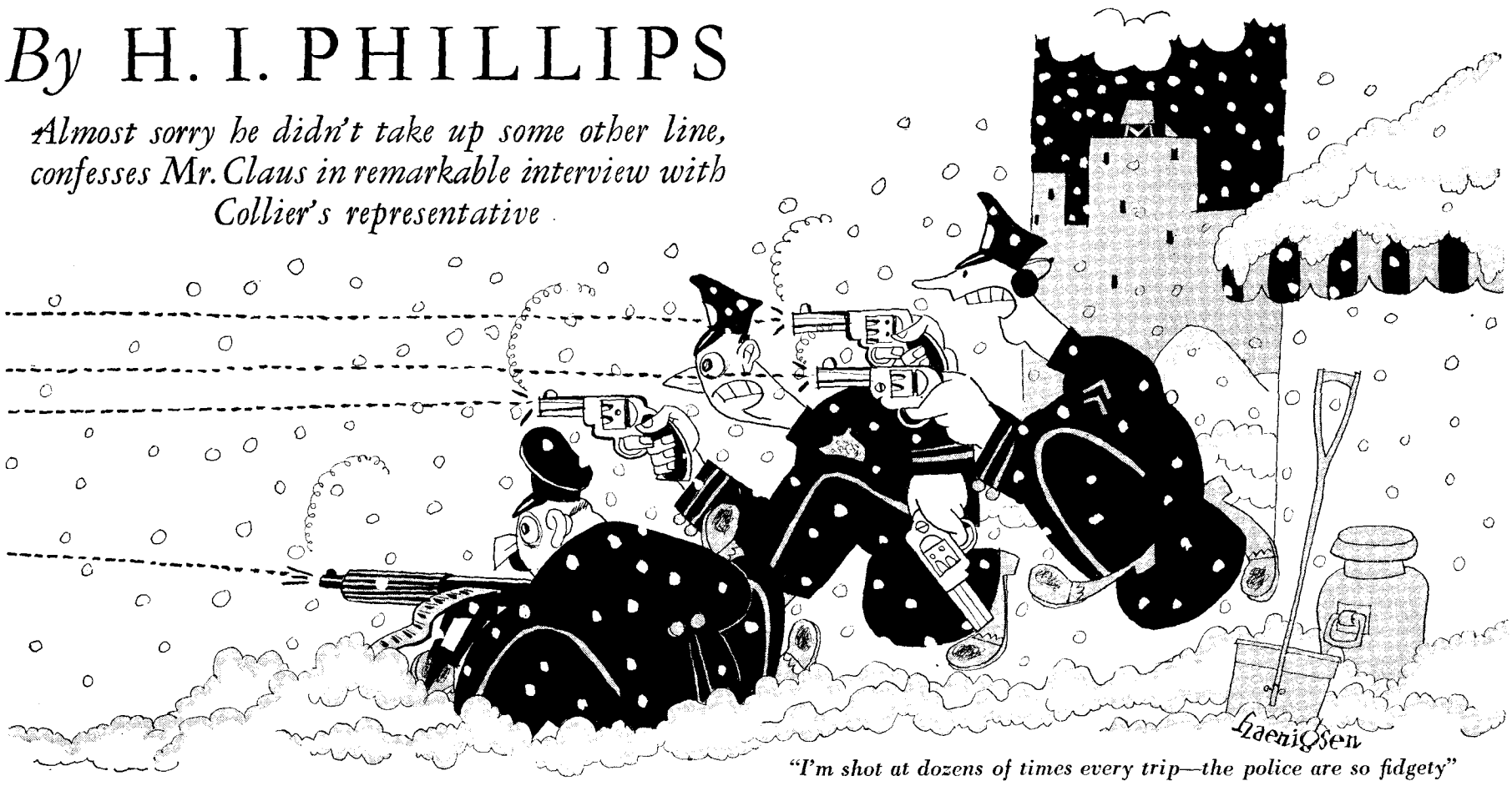
# *By* H. I. PHILLIPS

## *Almost sorry he didn't take up some other line, confesses Mr. Claus in remarkable interview with Collier's representative*




*"I'm shot at dozens of times every trip—the police are so fidgety"*

pair of diamond ear rings, a dozen pairs of silk stockings and some silk nightgowns. I would be satisfied with an eight-tube cabinet radio set, a canoe with outboard motor, a motorcycle and a raccoon coat for the winter sporting events. Daddy told me I would have to be good to get these things.

"With love,

"HAROLD HASKINS.

"P. S. Bring Mother a player piano and Daddy a cruisette.

"Can you beat it?" asked Mr. Claus. "But I'll say one thing: Daddy was right when he told Harold he would have to be good to get them."

Here Mr. Claus chuckled and amused himself by yanking out hairs from his long beard and cutting them with a razor blade.

He resumed: "I used to be able to cover my entire territory without encountering any obstacles."

"Do you meet with annoyances to-day?" asked the Collier's man.

"Don't be a sill," rebuked Mr. Claus. "By the time I get back home on the morning of the 25th I'm a wreck. In the first place, there is the parking problem. If I came into an American community to-day with a team of deers, I would cause a sensation. So I come by automobile. Well, I waste half the night trying to find a space big enough to back into and part of the other half trying to convince hard-boiled policemen that I've got nothing to do with the crime wave. I'm shot at dozens of times on every trip."

"Shot at!" exclaimed the interviewer. "You?"

"Absolutely. The police of your country are very fidgety. When they see a man furtively moving about the rooftops and coming out of alleys dragging a bag they assume anything but that he is a public benefactor and companionable old philanthropist. Naturally I can't stop to reason things out or I'd never get through, and the people would be getting their Christmas gifts on Lincoln's birthday. So I just hop into the car and step on the gas. It's got so that I ask myself, 'What is Christmas Eve without a few dozen bullets?' "

"It's incredible!" sighed the reporter.

"I'm accused of everything," continued Mr. Claus. "I expect this Christmas to see by the papers that I am suspected of being a member of the Notorious Bum Rodgers Gang. Look at this clipping from last year."

NEARLY CAPTURE MYSTERIOUS MARAUDER

Police Discover Robber Entering Skylights. Open Fire and Believe They Have Wounded Him.

While Patrolmen Maurice Dennehy and Thomas B. McGinty were patrolling their beats in the vicinity of Hollyhock Terrace and Old Slip Road at an early hour yesterday morning they were informed by occupants of the apartment house at 786 Spruce Street that some intruder on the roof had stumbled over all the radio aërials, tearing them down and shutting off a special Christmas Eve musical program.

Losing no time and taking their lives in their hands, the brave officers hurried to the roof in time to see the prowler disappearing down the fire escape of the house next door. They fired several shots and believe they hit him.

The men hurried to the street, but the man had made his get-away. He is described as about six feet tall, stout, weighing well over 200 pounds, ruddy-complexioned and wearing a long white beard which was probably a disguise. He had on a suit of bright red which the police believe was stolen from the dressing-room of some cabaret. The city is being scoured.

"Did it ever occur to you that you might do better to come more openly, announcing the time of your arrival and doing away with all secrecy?"

*"If I made my visits openly, I'd be hauled up before Congress or some other investigating body in no time"*

"Nothing in that," said Mr. Claus. "If I did that, it would mean an even further delay. I'd have to go through one of those terrible welcoming ceremonies. I'd be met by the mayor's committee, escorted into town, made to listen to a lot of speeches and given the keys to the city and all that bunk. Besides, I'd get my eyes all full of confetti. Secrecy and covered movements are essential.

"Americans don't take anything on faith any more. They don't trust anybody. If I made my visits openly, I'd be hauled up before Congress or some other investigating body in no time."

"On what grounds?"

### Has Mr. Claus Turned Cute on Us?

"OH, THERE'D be a demand to know how I could afford to make so many gifts, where all the money came from, and so on. There would be charges of a slush fund, and probably before they got through with me they would have big headlines in the papers saying that I had become involved with a Grand Kleagle or Kloncilium. In your country they investigate everybody who does anything without fully advertising all the details. I'm a mysterious character. I have to be. It's more than likely that if I came openly this year I'd be pinched as a suspect in that New Brunswick murder case or seized as knowing something about Aimee McPherson."

Santa paused a moment to confer with a secretary on a new batch of letters.

"Then, too, I'd be bothered by all sorts of requests. They'd want me to talk over the radio to my great unseen audience, indorse a lot of patent medicines, go into vaudeville for a few weeks and probably say a few hundred words for some shaving soap," he resumed heavily.

"Every man knows his own game best," agreed the Collier's man. "Well, I'm glad I met you, Mr. Claus."

"I'm glad I met you too."

"Merry Christmas," exclaimed the Collier's man as he left.

"So is your old man!" said Mr. Claus, dipping into his pile of correspondence again and pressing 87 buzzers summoning the night shift of stenographers.

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# A Woman

## By EDWARD W. BOK

*Here's an article strong enough to make the "modern" woman take notice. Its famous author was for many years the editor of the Ladies' Home Journal*

*Pardoe*

*The greatest and truest of all womanly self-expression—motherhood*

THE intelligent American woman, in growing numbers, confesses, in her moments of confidence, that she has allowed her sense of relations, once so clear, to become a maze of jumbled confusion and her life a tangled web from which a clear outlook now is becoming increasingly difficult.

She is beginning to realize that her clamor for "freedom" from this, "her rights" to that—an acquirement of what she believed to be "equality of power"—is not what it was painted for her, and that the excitement of the chase befuddled the emptiness of the reality. And this is putting it far more lightly than many a woman puts it herself.

"In point of fact," said a once ardent reformer of her sex recently (and I was amazed at the admission, considering her previous views and activities), "a goodly number of women are beginning to realize that it is so much easier to start something than it is to stop it, once momentum is gained."

Then she continued, "We are wondering whether we are not upsetting some fundamental underpinnings of the social fabric, and I have to confess that some of our ideas which we thought were constructive are proving actually destructive—in fact, menacing. In short, we cannot see that we have gained anything worth while, and we have lost much."

"Worse than all else, we see no logical stopping place ahead," said another woman sitting by. "We have let go of our anchorage and are drifting with no healthy solution in view. I confess to a large share in starting something that has outstripped any similar effort too far to stop. The road which we honestly believed we were helping to widen is actually narrowing and closing us in—and on a lower plane."

"Is this state of doubt widely prevalent or limited to a few?" was asked.

"It is already a settled state of mind among thinking women, and the circle is widening all the time. I am referring now to the woman who has the mind with which to think," was the answer.

"And the remedy?" this woman was asked.

"None—in view," was the definite reply.

### In-Law and in-Love

THE thought comes whether this type of woman is not of a mind to look back and ponder a bit over the greatest story of a woman that has come down the lanes of time. And, like all the greatest things of the world, it is the simplest of stories. Yet so forceful is it in the mightiest of all solutions of the most intricate problems—simplicity—that the story has swept down the ages as the most complete fulfillment in all history of the potentiality of true womanhood.

I mean the story of Ruth.

Here is at once the simplest and yet the most forceful picture of human relations: in particular that of the relation of a daughter-in-law to her mother-in-law. Ruth made no tangled web of that relation. She harbored no breeding thoughts of discontent: no suspicion, no mistrust. She did a very simple thing: she gave her heart and the love that was in it. For ten years she wove a beautiful and enduring bond of friendship and love with her mother of marriage.

She made her mother-in-law her mother-in-love.

Then when the mother, bereaved of husband and sons, came to return to her land and people whom she had left as Naomi and who she asked should receive her back as Mara, because she had left them full and returned empty, there came from her daughter-in-love a declaration of fidelity which has sanctified all womanly relations and glorified the literature of womanhood.

Even in those primitive days Ruth could so easily have been a pioneer in woman's "independence" and found some unfitted task in the outer world. But the "self-expression" which has led so many women that have come after her into her worlds they know not—to places which they adorn not, and to tasks unfitted and thus unfulfilled—was not in Ruth's mind.

She looked closer. She hewed to the line.

She found her "self-expression" in the place close at hand: in the simple business of being a daughter—a place and a duty which seem so foreign to the minds of thousands of daughters and is becoming a tragically lost art in so many homes.

Nor was there any holding back with Ruth: no giving of herself in part. Gloriously full and spiritually complete came the giving. Down the thousands of years have come those golden words—among the most beautiful in all the Bible; clear as God's sunshine; all-embracing as God's love. The most wonderful words ever uttered by a woman, revealing the simplicity of a woman's affection, higher than which, short of God's love, nothing can rise!

Marvelously simple and present was that quality in Ruth which is so equally marvelously absent in the woman of today: concentration.

No mental turmoil tormented Ruth; no confusion of argument; no weighing of advantage and disadvantage; not a vestige of that changefulness of mind which is so wrongfully conceded as the right of woman.

The peace of inner quiet was hers. She saw only one road—that of duty—and she saw it through the eyes of love. Simple and direct, Ruth voiced the true womanly instinct that senses steadily and speaks clearly: that concentrates and then stands steadfast.

In other words, the daughter stood by.

Weigh these words of starlike clearness and fullness of love, these words of a daughter to her mother:

"Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

"Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

Then come those brief but tremendously significant four words: "So they two went": not divided by feminine jealousy or self-love, which has wrecked so many sacred relations. But "they two went" wedded not alone by marriage, but also by love.

We hear much, in these days, of the "self-expression of woman": of the development of "the individuality of woman"—phrases so misunderstood that they have led, in countless instances, to ashes of roses and vacant hearthstones.

As against such unintelligent chatter, how stimulating and refreshing is Ruth's glorious analysis of women's real self-expression and individuality!

### The Ideal Daughter-Wife-Mother

RUTH sought not those worlds beyond her ken and sex. She remained within that citadel which woman has ever adorned and where she has reigned supreme. She sought her self-expression in that marvel of nature before which the greatest of men has ever stood in awe and to which the genius of mankind has ever paid deferential obeisance.

She fulfilled.

She begat a child.

And by that greatest and truest of all womanly self-expression she became the ancestress of a king of the people and the King of all mankind, from whom untold millions of women for ages to come were to receive peace in travail, courage in sorrow and endurance in stress.

If ever the highest self-expression, the truest individualism in woman was reached and revealed, it was in that achievement of Ruth: a picture for all time of the unswerving adherence to sex and the mighty potentiality of motherhood.

Ruth didn't do much IN the world, as goes the saying now, but what a contribution she made TO the world!

"Now," they said when Lincoln's soul left the tired body, "he belongs to the ages."

But, thousands of years before, Ruth, by a declaration of fidelity that reached the highest pinnacle of a true self-expression of womanhood, won a place that was to be hers all down the ages—her motherhood the heritage of the world: a picture reverently cherished in the heart of every man of his mother:

Daughter, wife, mother:

A woman.

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# *Don't worry, Lilly*

*Jawn went to war with a heavy heart and an extra pair of overalls, and came back with a secret*

*By* WILLIAM POLK

*Illustrated by* PAUL BROWN

*Lilly found Jawn at Camp Jackson doing kitchen-police duty*

IN THE fall of 1913, Jawn, as his folks and neighbors called him, raised a better tobacco crop than his fathers before him had done, cleared $47.91 and straightway married Lilly.

Jawn was illiterate, barbaric, gigantic. Neither he nor Lilly had ever been informed of the hopelessness of the farmer's life and were woefully ignorant of the misery of their condition.

They had youth and health. Lilly had a gray-eyed, sunburnt prettiness. Jawn had strength. He was built on powerful lines, with hands and feet, like Michelangelo's David, disproportionately enormous. Lilly was proud of him, secretly.

Their life was simple and serene. They would get up early by lantern light, work hard in field and kitchen, eat with the joy of hungry animals, go to town Saturdays for rations, to preaching Sundays for amusement, and at night sleep the sleep of tired bodies and vacant minds.

They had only each other and a couple of pigs. That was enough. They were unreasonably happy.

The outside world took no notice of them, and they treated it with equal indifference. In the year of 1917, however, this same world took such a violent interest in them, all of a sudden, that it proposed to separate them and to take charge of Jawn, body and soul. It ordered him to leave his wife and home and to offer up his life for something that was not clearly explained.

He went—where or why or for how long he did not know. What he was to fight for or against, he had no idea. He took with him a heavy heart and an extra pair of overalls. Lilly remained at home with the two pigs.

She was lonesome. The uncertainty of the thing! What day would take Jawn away across the sea? Nobody would tell her. She heard tales of battle and of sudden death and lingering death in strange and awful forms.

How much she suffered in her ignorance and loneliness, during the long cold winter of 1917 and the early spring days of 1918, when the ice-freed earth seemed mysteriously and malevolently joyful, has not been computed. But in the month of May, "when all herbs and trees renew a man and woman and in likewise lovers call again to their mind old gentleness and old service," she went out to look for Jawn.

Finally she found him at Camp Jackson. It was late in the afternoon. He was on kitchen-police duty, sitting on a box in front of the kitchen door, peeling Irish potatoes.

Lilly carried a "leather" grip made of pasteboard. A dress was in one corner of it; the rest was filled with things for Jawn, such as mittens, fried chicken and locust beer. One of her new shoes had rubbed a blister on her heel. She forgot that when she saw Jawn. She ran to him.

A glorious moment of greeting. Then they sat on a mass of left-over lumber dumped against the bathhouse. Long lines of frame barracks, like goods boxes, stretched away, as well as anybody could see, to the end of the world. In the big room of the barracks near by a poker game and a prayer meeting were simultaneously in progress. Hymns and oaths mingled. Shirtless soldiers in khaki breeches went to and from the bathhouse.

JAWN and Lilly saw none of it. They sat there, staring, as if they had never seen each other quite clearly before, saying little, holding hands, miserably happy.

They say that women in crises turn to trivialities. Lilly started telling Jawn the neighborhood news. He manifested no interest. And to Lilly too it all seemed absurdly unimportant beside the happy certainty of this hour and the unhappy uncertainty of the future.

So there was mainly silence.

Time was speeding, she felt. She had never told him how proud she was of him, of his great strength. Now it was too late.

The shadows of the barracks lengthened. The companies assembled. A distant bugle blew retreat. A breeze sprang up and danced the wet clothes hung out on wires. The cook called Jawn.

Then, in a few broken words, interspersed with the clumping of hobnail boots and the rattling of mess kits, Lilly told him how sure she was that he would never come back home and how it would kill her for him to stay in the army. She begged him to run away and come back home.

A cavalier once answered his lady's similar request with the barren explanation, of which she probably had her suspicions, that he could not love her, dear, so much, loved he not honor more. Such was not Jawn's philosophy. Touching honor, he was rather of tne school of Falstaff.

He shook his head, however. "Naw," he answered, "there hain't a chance. They cotched one yistiddy afore he got over the hill good."

"You mought could play crazy," suggested Lilly hopefully.

"I hain't got sense enough to play crazy. But if they ever git me in them trenches, honey, I'll stick closer to the bottom than a mud turtle."

The cook yelled for Jawn again. In the last crowded moment of parting Lilly had an inspiration. Cooks come out of the war alive! Jawn at her suggestion promised to get a job as cook. She left feeling that she had snatched him from the grave.

The next day Jawn told the captain that he had decided to be a cook. The captain looked up at Jawn, towering in the orderly room doorway. Jawn was the biggest man in the company and could outpull a platoon in a tug of war. The captain's head came only up to Jawn's shoulder.

"A cook!" snorted the captain. "A man of your size . . . a cook. I'll put you in the hottest place I can find when we start fighting, but it won't be a kitchen."

That night Jawn asked Dynamite, a

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little fellow with a big bass voice, who bunked next to him, to write a letter home for him. Dynamite was the proud possessor of an education—he could write. He claimed to understand, among other things, women. Being of the opinion that what they didn't know wouldn't hurt them, he advised Jawn to assume a cookship if he had it not. Together they composed a letter announcing to Lilly that Jawn had been appointed cook. It quieted her fears.

This was in the spring of 1918. The war was not popular then. Patriotism was below par. The causes of our entry into the European conflict were too complex, abstract, visionary. Among the masses of the people who did their daily work with one eye on the clock and took their evening amusement with both eyes on the moving pictures, there was no overwhelming enthusiasm for it.

Many discovered families dependent upon them. The exemption limp became a popular mode of ambulation. Kitchen jobs in the army were overrun with applicants.

But the people were slowly awakening. An increasing interest in Europe was stimulated by the newspapers. The vision and fervor of Mr. Wilson's speeches percolated to the depths of the Republic. People began to envisage the position of the United States in world affairs, to feel the tug of old national friendships and the fear of new national menaces, to consider that it was the duty of their country to break the German march to world domination.

There was not yet, however, that spirit abroad in the land that would make all sorts and conditions of men offer their lives freely. Their hearts were not quite in it.

Then, on a midsummer day in the year 1918, came that heart-gripping, breath-taking, inevitable incident necessary to fan the scattered sparks of patriotism into a flame that would sweep the country. It was the shedding of the first blood by American troops in action.

Here at last was something concrete, dramatic. Blood, not visions. A foretaste of what might happen to all. Every home in America felt the impact of the news. Confused thoughts gave way to one universal resolve: to win the war at any sacrifice.

Straightway the fight was on. The hearts of the people were in it. There arose a desire to sacrifice and a pride in those who gave everything for the common cause.

This feeling which penetrated the nation took some time to reach Lilly, but it finally got there. She wanted Jawn to be a hero.

SHE received a letter from him in France, telling her that he was safe in the kitchen. That night she stepped over to the Riggses to tell them how lucky she was that her husband was safe. The Riggses had just got a letter from Tom, Maggie's husband, who had been induced by the government to join its army. His letter told how he had fought bravely in his first battle and escaped, by the special grace of God, unharmed. A hero! A solemn pride in him radiated from his family. No mention was made of Jawn. Lilly did not tell them how lucky she was.

When she got back home she felt ashamed that she had made Jawn be a cook instead of a warrior. A man like him in a fight—worth a thousand of Maggie's husband! The next minute she felt ashamed of herself for feeling ashamed of Jawn. He was safe, and that was all that mattered.

She never regained in her security the same mysterious exaltation that she now realized she had experienced in her fears.

Perhaps it is not love but pride that makes the world go round.

If she had known the truth, would she have been happier? That question is for those who understand women.

The truth was that Jawn, that night, was far from the comforts of the kitchen. He was standing in one trench peeping, like a huge rat, across a space of shell-shocked earth at another trench. At daybreak the line went forward. Jawn, according to the captain's promise, was in the hottest place. The captain, being overanxious, got his company ahead of the line, whereupon it was enfiladed by a machine-gun nest, overlooked in the scuffle. Jawn fought mightily and well and in so doing saved, among other things, the captain's reputation. What he did is set down somewhere in the simple records of the War Department. Later he had to stand at attention and keep from sneezing while a Gallic general, with bristling whiskers, stood on tiptoe and kissed him on both cheeks, pinning a croix de guerre on his blouse.

IN THE fall peace came back to earth, and in the spring Jawn came back home to Lilly. Her dreamed-of glory had not been attained. Lilly forgot it for the instant in her joy at getting him back safe, but she looked thin and worried. Jawn thanked the Lord that she had never known what danger he had been in.

The night of his homecoming the Riggses dropped in to see them. Tom, back from oversea, spoke in an offhand way of European potentates and expatiated on the delight of waging battle with his peers. Somewhat inconsistently he told Jawn that he ought to be thankful that he missed all that. Jawn said he was. This hurt Lilly's pride. She felt ashamed of Jawn, then mad with herself, and took it out on Tom, telling him what she thought of him, getting into danger and worrying his folks. Tom left indignant. After the tumult and the shouting had died and the captains and kings had departed, Jawn felt very glad that he had taken Dynamite's advice and kept Lilly ignorant of many perilous exploits.

He did not know that Lilly was to find his croix de guerre in the morning. Of course she did find it when with wifely eagerness she searched the pockets of his discarded khaki breeches. He had forgotten it was there. She had never seen one of the things before, but she instinctively felt that there was glory in it. She held it up to the early morning light, and her hand trembled. Maybe Jawn had been fooling her. Maybe he was a hero after all!

He was on the front porch. She would confront him with the evidence. Then she stopped, fearful of putting to the test her impossible visions. She waited thus several minutes, the motionless center of a whirlwind of hopes and doubts and fears.

When she went out on the porch Jawn had gone to the pigpen.

For the first time in her life the stress of conflicting emotions made her too weak to stand.

Jawn was in the enjoyment of that peace which passes almost all understanding. Home after war. His uniform was off, his overalls on. His clay-colored hound ambled beside him. The only souvenirs of the army were the hobnail brogans, as wide as the path down which he was sauntering. It was an inefficient sort of path, wandering everywhere to get nowhere, overarched by waving grass with here and there a buttercup, and engraved by April rains. It suited Jawn. The little spring was as silently busy as when he left it. He stopped to watch its miniature volcano of golden sand.

He threw an ear of corn into the pigpen and observed the battle for it in the mud—watched it as indifferently as if it had been the outside world of desires and ambitions.

On his way back to the house he took from his pocket a sheaf of golden tobacco and browsed on it intermittently. Everything seemed so peaceful to him—like the Garden of Eden in the Bible. The blue sky rested lightly on the brown hills. April was covering the fields with green, silently, carelessly, happily. All was done so easily and faithfully. Nothing looked for praise or payment. No room for pride here. Jawn felt himself a part of it and knew that he was truly at home. He forgot that there had ever been a war.

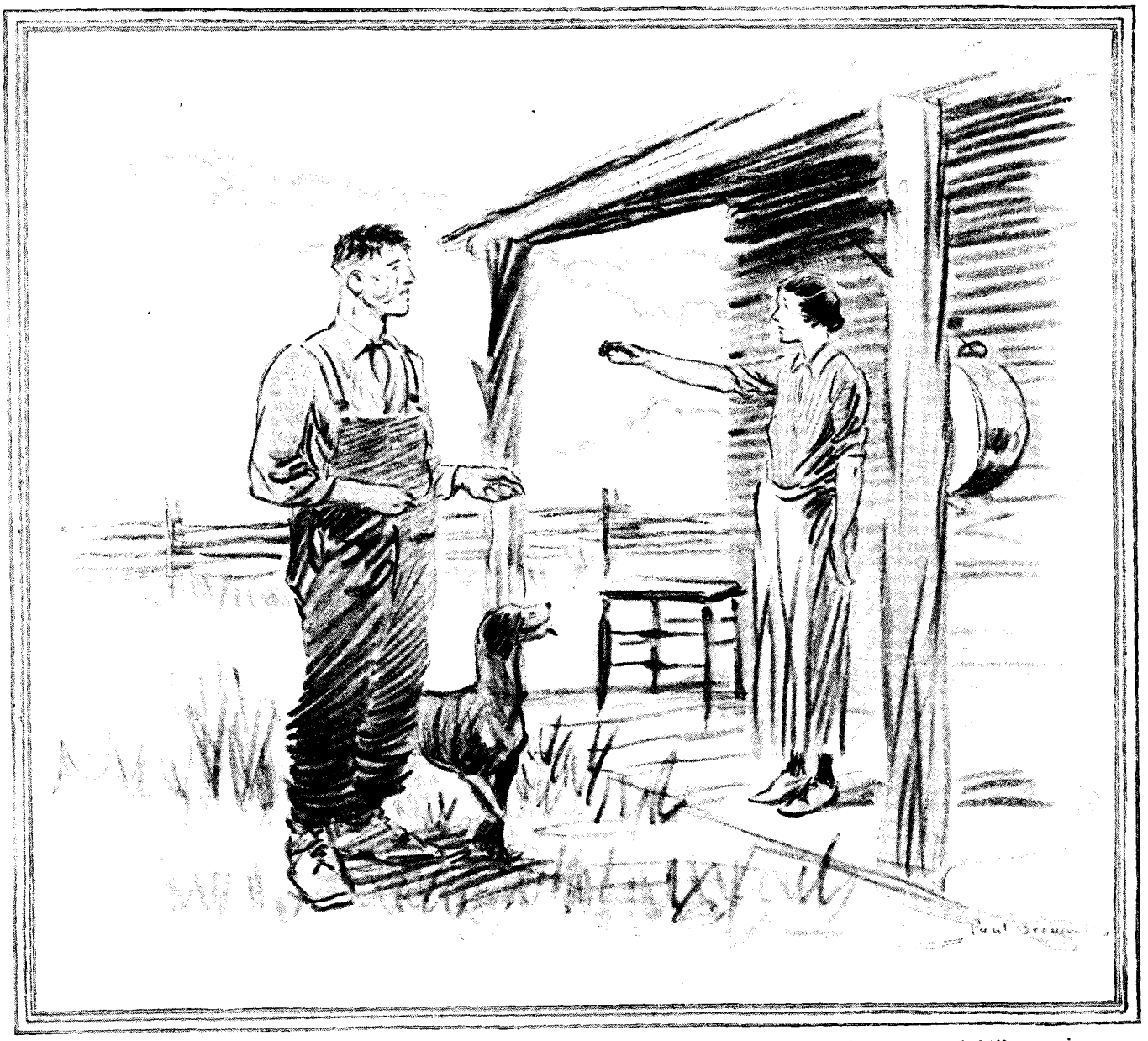
WHEN he reached the house Lilly was on the porch, her hands behind her. She came straight to the point and flashed the medal before his eyes. Jawn could not have been more rudely awakened if she had used a cannon.

"Jawn," she asked harshly, "what's this here thing you got? Ain't it a medal?"

For once Jawn's mind worked with celerity. There was no denying it was a medal.

He wished the wise Dynamite could have been there to hear him.

"Yes," he answered, "it's a kind of a medal. The gov'ment give it to me for baking the best bread of any cook in the regiment."



*"Jawn," she asked harshly, "what's this here thing you got? Ain't it a medal?"*

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# Clowning through Life

*Eddie wanders about fire-swept Chicago and is restored to his family—"passes" to New York—the shooting of Jim Fisk—"passes" again—back to Chicago—Eddie's mother companions Mrs. Abraham Lincoln—Eddie chooses a stage name and "flops" in a honkytonk*

By EDDIE FOY
and
ALVIN F. HARLOW

*Albert Davis Collection*

*1907. Eddie Foy as Artie Choke in The Orchid*

AS I reached Michigan Avenue I saw—it may seem incredible, but it's true—great sections of shingles and weatherboarding from the roofs and sides of houses, all ablaze, flying through the air above me in the gale.

A wagonload of household goods passed in full gallop toward the Rush Street bridge, the driver lashing his horses, all unaware that his load, fired by a spark, was blazing merrily behind him.

Watching my chance, I dived across the avenue with a group of grown people, through the throng of galloping horses and wagons, and at last was on the lake shore. There was a place there, just south of the mouth of the river, where the beach was much wider than elsewhere. The Illinois Central Railroad had a depot there and several tracks, and there were two grain elevators—all widely scattered—but little else.

North and south of us the beach was much narrower, and there many people were driven by the heat far out into the water, and some were drowned.

Merchants near the lake front and men helping them were carrying goods out on that vacant tract—bolt upon bolt of silk, woolen and linen cloth and even some cotton; men's ready-made clothing, women's cloaks, furs and millinery (there were no other women's ready-to-wear things then), jewelry and silverware, tobacconists' goods, even a few groceries.

It's funny now to recall how some of the people who got out there first were resentful at the crowds who came later and at the merchants for filling up the space with their goods.

## Self-Sacrifice in Disaster

IT WAS an imposition, they thought; those late comers and storekeepers could have gone somewhere else. There was much confusion, excitement and terror on that little patch of ground, but not much thievery, I think; at least, I didn't hear of any.

There we sat and watched the fire march by. When it was at its nearest point, just opposite us, the heat was so great that we had to retreat to the farther edge of our plot, and some waded into the water or were pushed in, but did not stay there long. A grain elevator which stood near us, isolated from other buildings, was not touched. The wind was blowing the blazing embers almost straight northward now, and a few of them fell among us.

Before sunrise the flames had crossed the river. Many citizens of the North Side had come down to the river to see the fire in the main city, and suddenly discovered to their horror that the waterworks and other buildings were burning, nearly a mile behind them. The fire spent Monday in cleaning up the North Side and only stopped at Lincoln Park, well along toward evening.

Somewhere about dawn or time for dawn I went to sleep with my head pillowed on a bolt of cloth, while Bernard slumbered beside me, lying on a pile of Men's Fine $10 Suits. The people around me, learning my story, were very kind. In fact, some of the things I remember best about the great fire are the wonderful fellowship, sympathy and kindness which it brought forth from rich and poor both in and out of Chicago. I have never seen such helpfulness and self-sacrifice, such team work for the benefit of others as then—though I suppose the same is true at the time of nearly all great disasters.

I must have slept for two or three hours. When I awoke it was well along in the forenoon, but it was a very cloudy forenoon indeed. Such a pall of smoke was hanging over us that the sun could just dimly be seen, a sort of dull red ball, through it. Piles of ruins were still blazing and smoking in all directions.

*A. Davis Collection*

*Jim Fisk. A good Samaritan to Eddie Foy and others, but a financial pirate nevertheless*

A woman who had brought a full bottle of milk for her baby gave half of it to Bernard, and somebody else gave me a little bread and meat. With that snack we had to get along until late in the day.

The hours dragged by until about the middle of the afternoon, when some people began to drift southward on Michigan Avenue, hoping to reach friends or relatives. Nobody tried to go north, for the bridges across the river were gone, the boats were burned and the whole North Side was a dreary waste and much of it still burning.

It was reported that the South Side had been spared, and I decided to go around that way, cross the river, and come up on the west bank as nearly as possible to where my home had been. I was somewhat stunned by the disaster—a bit like shell shock, I suppose. I wanted to learn the fate of my mother and sisters—to find somebody to relieve me of the terrible responsibility of the baby, but if I had found them dead I couldn't have been much more dazed and shocked than I was already.

A slow rain had begun to fall—too late to save the city—and it added to our discomfort. I was very much afraid Bernard would catch cold, so I wrapped my coat around him. I was very tired and ravenously hungry, and of course he was too. He cried almost incessantly.

I learned by questioning people on the way that our home neighborhood had certainly been burned over. How in the world would I ever learn the fate of mother and my sisters? My opinion was that if they had been hard pressed by the fire they would have been most apt to dash right across the river by the Madison Street bridge, and would therefore be likely to be somewhere on the West Side.

## I Slept Like the Dead

I CROSSED the river over one of the few bridges left and turned northward on the West Side, but I realized that I couldn't go much farther. I had stopped several times under porches and awnings and set the baby down to rest myself, but my arms felt as if they were nearly paralyzed and my back was getting weak. I was soaking wet from the rain which still continued to fall slowly, and I was afraid Bernard might be ill from the exposure.

I had noticed on the way that the churches were headquarters for the refugees, and I decided to stop at the next one I saw. I had walked somewhere between four and five miles, I suppose, when I came to a big church where the lamps were lighted and many people were going in and out. I staggered into the portico and sank down on the steps, exhausted.

Kind women gathered around me immediately, took Bernard out of my arms and led me inside to a big, roaring stove, where I dried myself and grew drowsy.

Bernard was cuddled and given a bottle of milk and I was given a good supper—all I could eat. I fell asleep before I had finished it. They laid me on a cushioned church bench and I slept like the dead for twelve hours.

When I awoke next morning I could smell hot coffee and see stacks of ham sandwiches on a bench near by, and

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A. Davis Collection

***Josie Mansfield, principal cause of the Fisk-Stokes feud***

physically I felt like a new little man already, but my first thought upon awakening was one of worry for Mother and the girls. After eating breakfast I suggested to one of the women that they take care of Bernard while I went to seek my family in our old neighborhood.

"No, you stay right here," she commanded. "We'll try to do that for you. Your folks probably aren't anywhere near your old home, and you'd never find them by wandering around." She then went on to explain that the citizens were already beginning to organize a sort of search and identification service in an effort to get families together and find out how many lives had been lost.

They took my name and my mother's and our home address, and cautioned me not to stray far from the church, as they might have news for me at any time.

All day I waited and worried, and when I lay down to sleep at night we had heard nothing. Messengers were bustling in and out all day and the volunteer workers were busier than bees, but to some of the refugees who had nothing to do the time dragged frightfully. Several others besides myself were clamoring for news, and some were kicking on the accommodations and service that were being given them, and by nightfall the good souls who were doing the work were nearly distracted.

## Fisk to the Rescue

BUT early in the following forenoon a man with a paper in his hand came toward me and said, "Is this Eddie Fitzgerald?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Your mother and sisters are at the Scammon School," said he. "Corner Madison and Halsted."

A place was made for the baby and me on a wagon, and I rode up to the Scammon School. I found a number of tents set up in the yard, and learned that Mother and the girls were being sheltered in one of them. Supposing that they had heard news of me, I burst in on them without warning and gave them the shock of their lives.

They were all very close to prostration already, and Catherine came near fainting. Then we kissed each other all around and wept in chorus, myself as freely as anybody—all, that is, save Bernard, who, well fed and glad to be in the family circle again, very sensibly laughed.

I learned from the three that the fire had stolen upon them much more rapidly than they had expected. They did not leave the house until the last minute, and by that time they were so hard pressed that they could do nothing but flee across the Madison Street bridge, which was only a few yards away.

Meanwhile the old drayman had promised assistance to so many other neighbors that he had room for only a little of Mother's stuff, and in the final hurly-burly the only things they saved were an old sofa and a feather bed. They dashed across the bridge barely half a second before it was swung open; men were already pushing against the long wooden sweep (all the river bridges were swung by hand) to open it and thus prevent its being burned and carrying the fire across to the West Side.

## Back to New York

AT THE time of the Chicago fire James Fisk, Jr., and Jay Gould were in control of the Erie Railroad. The flames had not yet gone out when Fisk was urging the people of the East to contribute flour, meat, and other foods, also clothing and anything else needed by the sufferers, and he agreed to carry it all to Chicago on his railroad free of charge.

Within the next few days tons of stuff came to Chicago through his agency (not only from the East but also from numerous other towns along the line of the Erie) and helped much to relieve the distress. Of course other parts of the country contributed too, even to the Pacific Coast—why, the near-by districts sent cooked fowls, buttered bread, sandwiches and cooked vegetables all ready to eat.

Brown Bros.

*C. S. Reinhart's picture of refugees from the great Chicago fire*

Colonel Fisk also announced that any fire sufferer who wished to go to New York or any other point on the Erie to begin life anew would be given a pass. At that time there was a pretty widespread belief that Chicago was ruined. Many of the most hopeful both in and out of Chicago predicted that at least it would take several years for the city to recover from the shock.

My mother was among the pessimistic ones, and I'll admit that to me too Chicago looked pretty much like a hopeless case. So Mother thought we'd better take advantage of Colonel Fisk's offer and go back to New York. And back we went.

We took lodgings in Cherry Street, and because of our being fire sufferers some of our friends and neighbors promoted a benefit festival for us which netted twenty-one dollars.

Somehow, times seemed hard in New York that winter, and we could get little to do. The only work that could be done by women and boys at that period brought little more than starvation wages, and there didn't seem to be much of it to be had in New York either. But it's a rather significant thing that no matter how desperately poor a family might be, boys who had been brought up even no more than halfway decently never thought of going out with pistols and sticking up jewelry stores and paymasters, as boys of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen are doing to-day—and frequently committing murder into the bargain.

Meanwhile we were hearing accounts daily of how rapidly Chicago was rising from her ashes—erecting far bigger and finer buildings than before the fire. The new Chicago was going to make the old look like a backwoods village!

Of course all this caused much remorse in our family, and we were soon bemoaning our bad judgment in having left Chicago. But how to get back! We couldn't afford the money for the tickets, and Mother's brother, never very well-to-do, was far less prosperous now than he had been in 1865. Mother knew his circumstances and never thought of asking him for help.

What about Colonel Fisk? He was the Good Samaritan of New York and he owned a railroad to Chicago—that is, he and Gould owned it—and Gould, though he never got any credit for it, never seemed to object when Fisk used the road for benevolent purposes, which of course cost him as much as they did Fisk. That little credit for Jay Gould shouldn't be forgotten.

Jim Fisk, however, was the man to whom everyone appealed. As we used to sing after his death:

*He may have done wrong, but he thought he done right,*
*And he always was good to the poor.*

He called the police captain of his district into his office one day and said, "Captain, I know that there must be many widows and orphans that you know about in your precinct who need help in one way and another. If you'll make a note of 'em when they come to your attention, I'll give 'em a ton of coal or a barrel of flour, whichever they need most."

He paused a moment. "Yes, damn it!" he went on, "I'll give 'em the coal and the flour both, if they're very poor. Just send me the orders. But I don't want any publicity about this. You must keep it absolutely secret." And then as the officer was going out he called after him, "And, by the way, Captain, if there are any worthy people who want to emigrate west and haven't the money, I'll give 'em passes."

It seemed quite the ordinary and logical thing to ask Colonel Fisk for passes back to Chicago. We didn't regard that as charity. Poor as we were, we never asked for charity in our lives. But a railroad pass in those days was something different. It was just a small favor which was being handed out by the thousand.

So when Mother decided to ask Colonel Fisk for passes, she just sent me around to his office as she would have sent me to the corner drug store to ask for a copy of the latest Hostetter's Almanac. The offices of Gould and Fisk were in the Grand Opera House Building—still standing, by the way, at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue.

## A Tragic Incident

I MADE my request known to a man in the outer office, and he said he would send for Mr. Fisk's manager. While I was waiting Fisk passed through the office—a chubby, florid man with bright blue eyes and reddish-brown hair and mustache. I recall very distinctly his high-pitched voice and Yankee twang.

Presently the manager came out and told me to come back and bring my mother. Mother and I went up next morning, and after a short interview he told us that he thought the matter could be arranged and that if so we would be able to get the passes on the following Monday.

That was Friday, January 5, 1872. Fisk had for some time been at feud with another big stock-market operator named Edward Stokes. There were at least two reasons for their bad blood: one an actress named Josie Mansfield, whom they both wanted, the other a group of oil refineries on Long Island. Fisk accused Stokes of fraud in the oil matter, and on Saturday, the following day after our call, Stokes learned that the other had had a bench warrant issued for his arrest. He was furious. He put a pistol in his pocket at once, and went out seeking his enemy.

Late in the afternoon he heard that Fisk was going to the Grand Central Hotel, on Broadway between Third and Bleecker Streets, which is still i[n] [u]se as a hotel though they call it the Grand Central now. Fisk entered [the] about six o'clock, and started [up] broad stairway to the second floo[r]. Stokes met him and shot him [in] the abdomen. He lived only a fe[w]

That murder was one of the [most] sensations of (*Continued on p*

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# The Orange Bird

## *Lucia's three permanent suitors didn't have an orange bird, or even a sparrow, to tell them the secrets of her heart*

## *By* DANA BURNET

NOW that her father had died and had left her so unexpectedly without money, everyone in Manasquot said that of course Lucia Prescott would marry—at last. The "at last" was uttered invariably with a sigh, as though to express relief, or a certain satisfaction—for Lucia was a young woman who by all the usual signs and portents should have married long ago. She was good-looking, she had an aristocratic charm and till recently she had been something of an heiress. At the age of twenty-seven her failure to marry was one of the standard social mysteries of Manasquot, the Maine summer resort to which the Prescotts had come for years and in which the Prescott home, picturesquely built on a point of rocks overlooking Fisherman's Cove, was still considered an important landmark.

There were now, to be sure, houses larger and more pretentious, but none more really charming. Especially the Prescott flower garden, established between the two wings of the house and enclosed on the westerly side by a low wall of field stones in which was set a trellised gateway, had no peer among the gardens of Manasquot. This was due entirely to Lucia, who more or less secretly (because she felt that her passion for flowers, were it fully known, would be interpreted as a typical spinster's hobby) gave more thought and energy to her garden than to any other interest in her life.

Yet the result, in beauty, was apparent and significant. Lucia never could or would give up her garden, said everyone in Manasquot summer colony, all traditionally in love with Lucia.

OF THE three, John Dunham was perhaps her most persistent admirer, and this was fortunate—said everyone in Manasquot—for John was the wealthiest man Lucia knew. He had millions. The other two, Tom and Curtis, weren't so well-heeled, but, heavens, either would be a good match for any sensible girl—an excellent match for a girl in Lucia's position.

If that position wasn't desperate, it was at least precarious. Yet she could not bring herself to be alarmed about it. In fact, there was something inherently humorous, something absurd, in her present situation. The idea of a Prescott anticipating poverty!

It was so absurd, indeed, that when her father's lawyer and lifelong friend, Colonel Trent, told her what she would have, henceforth, to live on, she laughed outright and said: "But, I can't! I mean I really can't . . . I don't know how."

"Oh, well, my dear," replied the colonel, trying to impart under a guise of paternal pleasantry the advice he deemed practical—"oh, well, I dare say you won't have long to wait."

"To wait?"

"Before you marry some chap who—ah—who'll be able to take proper care of you."

"You mean you think I'll have to marry, now, for money?" asked Lucia, looking absent-mindedly out of the colonel's office window.

"Well—ah—in a sense, of course," parried the lawyer. "If you *could* fall in love with one of those young men of yours—one who happened to have a few millions to his name . . . eh? I remember, the last time I visited your father in Manasquot, that there were several who seemed—ah—rather devoted—ah! H'mmm!" He coughed, thinking that perhaps he had gone too far.

"The sweet innocent!" thought Lucia, and turning to him with an affectionate smile said: "Yes, that's what all my friends are saying, and I think it may be a very good suggestion. Worth considering anyhow. I must consider everything, mustn't I? I mean I've got to be really very sensible—"

"I'm afraid you have, my dear."

"Really very, very sensible," murmured Lucia, again looking out of the window.

It was at this point that the colonel dared to bring up the subject that most troubled him and that he had hesitated thus far to mention. "Now, about the place in Manasquot, Lucia. There's a certain feature in connection with that—" He paused, irresolute. Why tell her now? Why not wait and see how his advice worked? "But, then, if you should happen to marry, no doubt everything will be all right and—ah—there'll be no necessity for you to sell—"

"Sell!" breathed Lucia, and swiftly the expression on her face changed from astonishment to repugnance and from repugnance to a kind of tenderness that was tinged with her mysterious humor. "I'm never going to sell that place, Colonel Trent. I didn't mind when they took the house in town. But the one up there—my garden, you see . . ." She paused for a moment. "You see, I've just finished rearranging my garden. It's done now, after several years of planning, and I must be there to see it happen."

"Happen?"

"Oh, I mean, to see it bloom," said Lucia, as though translating some contemplated wonder to an inquiring child.

Colonel Trent sighed and pushed his fingers through his stiff gray hair. "Yes, yes," he said, "I understand. I know how attached you are to the place—to your garden. But I thought you were going to be sensible," he ended, a trifle lugubriously.

"I am, I am! You'll see. But there are certain things I really can't give up. Things that seem to me important—essential—"

"You remind me," said the elderly lawyer abruptly, "of my boy Rod. He talks—or writes—like that. I mean to say, he has no sense of practical values—"

"Oh," said Lucia, stirred suddenly by a faint but genuine curiosity, "and how is Rodney? Where is he now? I've not seen him for years. Six? Eight? Heavens! How old I'm getting!"

"It's seven years this summer," answered the colonel, "since Rod first started off gallivanting around the world. That was after he came home from the war, you know."

Lucia nodded. "I remember I gave a dinner party. . . ." she said vaguely.

*Illustrated by* R. F. JAMES

*"You've spoiled my life, and destroyed it, and offered me instead a kind of insanity—and I love you for that!"*

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"Rod's in California now, I believe," added his father.

"Doing what?" she asked.

"The Lord only knows! He wrote that he'd been to Japan. The Lord knows! But I'll say this for Rod: he gets along somehow. Not once since he left the army has he asked me for money. He has only a small income—from his grandfather's estate—less than two thousand a year—"

"About what I'll have from now on," observed Lucia.

"Yes, just about. But he manages to live on it and travel and have, I dare say, a pretty good time."

"Then why call him impractical?"

"Oh, well, my dear! What's a life like that amount to? Where's the accomplishment? What's the use of it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Lucia. Then she laughed again, idly. "But I do wish you'd ask Rodney, the next time you see him, how he does it. Tell him Lucia Prescott wants to know." She got up and stood by his desk—a tall, slender figure with rather dreamy yet clear and steadily shining light-blue eyes, a face slightly angular but delicately modeled and auburn hair conforming closely, with a suggestion of curl, to the shape of her head as revealed by the smart little hat she wore pulled down low over her forehead.

"Really," said Lucia, "you'll see how sensible I'll be." Then: "Good-by, Colonel Trent. And thanks for all you've done for me. Oh, and by the way. I'd like the eighteen hundred now, if I can have it. You know, in the spring there's always so much to be done to the house, and the garden. . . ."

"Heaven bless and help you," sighed the colonel as he rose to shake hands.

THIS conversation took place in New York, in May. In June Lucia arrived in Manasquot. She had with her, as usual, Miss Treefit, the Prescott housekeeper. But, except for a boy who came once a week to weed the garden, there were no other servants whatsoever.

"I am economizing relentlessly on household expenses," wrote Lucia about the first of July to her friend the colonel, "as well as on other nonessentials. Did you know that good field-loam costs three dollars a load? I didn't till this summer. I'm really finding out a great deal about such a lot of things. It's quite interesting, in a way, to be poor, I think. I make my own bed every morning, and Treefit does the cooking, which is really very sweet of her, though we do have a good many eggs. But to-night we're having steak.

"My garden is coming along beautifully, but I'm not altogether satisfied with it. It wants something in the center, where the four walks meet. One thinks at once of a fountain, but that's too obvious. Perhaps a nice bit of sculpture. (I was looking last winter at a figure by Maillol. But now that I'm poor isn't it too silly, really!) I shall have to think of something else, or nothing at all.

"John Dunham turned up to-day with Tom Grenfell and Curtis. [Curtis Thane.] They've been off cruising on John's boat, which is anchored just inside the cove. A sixty-foot schooner—very beautiful. They're all coming to dinner to-night. All three of them. I've a notion that something's in the air, but what it is I don't know. But they're sweet—these three! I adore them. Thank Heaven, I've found a case of champagne left in poor Papa's cellar, and we'll have that with the steak.

"Thanks so much for arranging about the money. I know you'll be pleased to hear how well I've done with my eighteen hundred. As a matter of fact, I've almost half of it left, which I think is most encouraging, don't you?" Then followed a hastily scrawled but affectionate conclusion, for at that point Lucia had been reminded by the striking of the little silver clock in her room that it was time to dress for dinner—and her three cavaliers.

*"A sporting test! Each man to get up his own idea and may the best man win! To Lucia's husband!"*

They arrived together at seven that evening, in John Dunham's car, a sharp-nosed, racy-looking machine, almost as beautiful, in its way, as the schooner lying offshore. Lucia, leaning out of her bedroom window, about whose casement a climbing woodbine swirled and dropped its brave new foliage, called down to them, "Hello!" And they shouted back, "Hello, Lucia!" in unison—precisely like three actors in a romantic comedy, she thought.

AND evidently they thought so too—or something of the sort—for now Curtis Thane nudged the other two, and suddenly all three made her an elaborate sweeping bow and Tom Grenfell cried, rather thickly, because he was still bent double, "Fair princess, come down from your tower and greet your faithful—" He was going to say "knights," he declared afterward, but at this point his breath gave out. Tom was rather stout, and his chivalrous gesture, in some curious way, he said, had choked him.

"I really must practice touching my toes a little in the morning—what?" Tom reflected aloud to Lucia as he went with her to the butler's pantry to take charge of the champagne.

"There's a man in the garden," unexpectedly announced Miss Treefit, popping her head into the pantry and yet, because of her rather extraordinary length of neck, managing to give the impression that she was still in the kitchen.

"A man? What sort of a man?" asked Lucia.

"I don't know what sort, I'm sure," answered Miss Treefit's head. "He looks a bit like a gentleman, though; sitting down the way he is on that bench under the trellis, I can't tell. You never can be sure of a gentleman till he stands up on his feet, can you, Mr. Grenfell?"

"Never, Miss Treefit."

"He may be a tramp," added the housekeeper.

"Or a butler," mused Lucia. "A possible butler, at any rate. John!" She now called, and when both Dunham and Curtis Thane appeared from the dining-room she said: "There's a tramp in the garden—or he may be a gentleman. Miss Treefit isn't sure. Will you go out and ask him which he is and whether, in either case, he'd care to serve dinner for us to-night?"

"Serve dinner?"

"Yes. And be sure to tell him he'll get nothing out of it but a piece of steak and a boiled potato and some spinach and a glass of champagne. One glass, unless he cheats while he's in the pantry."

"I'll see that he doesn't cheat," muttered Grenfell, tenderly hugging the bottle he had just removed from the icebox.

John and Curtis marched out. After a while they came back with the information that the man had said he was a gentleman, that he'd be very glad to serve as butler for the evening, but that his terms were two boiled potatoes and a share in the conversation if he considered it worth participating in.

"Tell him 'yes,'" said Lucia immediately.

"But, look here, Lucia—!"

"I say, Lucia!"

"We had something rather especially important to tell you to-night," said John.

"Oh!" said Lucia.

"Something," added Curtis, "rather especially personal."

"You see," said Tom Grenfell, testing the temperature of the champagne bottle against his cheek, "we all want to marry you."

"Oh!" said Lucia again.

"Idiot!" exclaimed Dunham, glaring at Tom. "We weren't to tell her till after dinner!" And Curtis cried at the same time: "Hey! I thought *I* was to do the talking! I'd even memorized what I was going to say," he added indignantly.

TOM looked apologetic. "Gee! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. It just slipped out—what? Sort of on my mind, you know," he said, glancing uneasily at the other two.

"Well," spoke up Lucia, promptly and cheerfully, "never mind. Whatever it is, I'm sure it sounds very nice. So you may as well let me hear it now—your plan, I mean," she went on, smiling at the three. "For I'm sure, if I'm to marry you all, that you must have some plan by which it can be

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*She had laughed at their astonished faces*

worked with—well, with impunity."

"But you're not to marry us all!"

"That's not the idea!"

"And besides, not in the pantry," blurted Dunham. "I mean—uh—of course it's a perfectly simple idea, and all that, but I—after all, we're dead serious, Lucia, you know. And—uh—seems to me we ought to go somewhere—the living-room, or at least the dining-room—where we can sit down and talk it over in a businesslike—I mean, in a really serious way."

"No!" said Lucia. "I won't have it. You're all going to be very sweet to me—I know you are! You're sorry for me, and you've got some notion in your heads of trying to help me—and I think it's grand, and I won't have it spoiled by ceremony. The pantry's just the place for it. So come on. Tell me! John? Curtis?"

"All right, then," conceded Dunham. "But I still think—"

"You're wrong," said Curtis to Lucia. "We're not sorry for you, and we're not trying to do something to help. That isn't the point—"

"The point is—" put in Tom Grenfell, and then, catching Thane's eye, subsided meekly. Curtis proceeded: "You see, Lucia, we're all—well, you know we're all in love with you. Have been for years." This declaration over, he rushed on bravely: "And we're all such good friends, John and Tom and I, that we thought it'd be a lot more sensible, and—well, more honest in a way, if we all proposed to you at once and sort of let you take your choice. And we thought—that is, we talked it over on the cruise, and we decided that now that you were—I mean, now that you're sort of—"

"Broke!" suggested Lucia simply.

"No, no!" cried Curtis; and Dunham plunged in with: "For Heaven's sake, Lucia, don't think that! Money has nothing to do with it! Absolutely nothing to do with—"

"I've got only twenty thousand a year," answered Tom Grenfell solemnly. "If it were a question of money, how'd I have the nerve to compete with John? Or Curtis either, for that matter—though most of his ill-gotten gains are in Mexican oil!"

"Tom!" said Lucia helplessly.

"You see, Lucia," continued Curtis, with an eagerness that was really affecting, "what I was going to say was that now you're all *alone* in the world, and all that—except for Miss Treefit, of course—why, we thought you might want to—to finally—"

"Unless, of course, there's someone else you'd rather *prefer* to marry," finished Dunham with an inquiring look that caused Lucia to shake her head quickly, quickly.

HE WAS so gentle about it! They were all so gentle, so kind, so really tender in their attitudes toward her. And to think of the chivalry of them—the true and unpretentious chivalry that issued in this blundering fashion from these three whom she had known so long and of whom she was so genuinely fond!

"You darlings!" cried Lucia. And there were tears in her eyes.

But at the same time she realized, with a feeling almost of guilt, that there was in all this nothing, no force or power to move her profoundly. She looked at them through a mist of tears that, she knew, had come too easily. They were only in her eyes. Her inner self remained aloof, untouched, cold and mysteriously critical, even, as always, a trifle amused. "Oh, she thought, "if only I could play this nice game that these three nice men have got up for me! Why, it's a fairy tale! It's the old story of the princess choosing between her three suitors. . . ."

And suddenly she made up her mind that she *would* play this game! She'd teach her foolish heart a good lesson. "All right, then," she said aloud, looking from one to another of her faithful knights. "All right, then. I'll do it. I'll choose. Only you must give me a little time." And then, as they all nodded—being drained of words—she experienced an almost uncontrollable desire to run away.

And at that moment Miss Treefit uttered, from the kitchen, a shriek that meant nothing short of disaster. The four in the pantry started simultaneously, rushed in, and found the anguished housekeeper just clamping down the stove lid on a blazing mass that could not be—oh, it really could not be the steak!

BUT the steak it was. "I was broiling it over the coals, like it said in the book," wailed Miss Treefit, "and I was trying to turn it over, and it slipped out of the grill! And there's our dinner gone up in smoke. . . ."

She went and sat down in a chair and wept.

The three faithful knights came at once to the rescue.

"Never mind, Miss Treefit!"

"It's all right, Miss Treefit! Might have been worse. Never mind!"

"I'll take my car and hop over to the club," offered Dunham. "Be back in twenty minutes—half an hour. Get something already cooked."

"A steak or something," said Tom brightly, and even more brightly added: "I'll go with you, stop at my place, get some bitters. Make a champagne cocktail—what?"

"All right," said John. "Come on."

"Well, then—I'll go too," decided Curtis, a bit sheepishly.

"But you needn't *all* go!" protested Lucia.

They looked at her with a composite grin of embarrassment.

"Well, you see—"

"You see, Lucia, it's a part of our agreement—"

"You see, we agreed, on the cruise, that it'd be more sporting if we all sort of stuck together in—in everything, and—you get the idea? A fair field and no favor. None of us to be alone with you till you've decided—er—what?" blundered Tom.

"Oh, yes, I see," cried Lucia, choking down a hysterical desire to laugh. "And I'm sure it is much more sporting. Yes, I really do see perfectly. Go along, then! Do go—"

So they all departed in John's car—three strong men gone to fetch a beefsteak. . . . And Lucia, smiling oddly to herself and paying no heed to Miss Treefit, who by now had removed the stove lid and was gazing fascinated at the ruins, walked rather blindly out into her garden and saw a man standing in the walk before her. His back was toward her. He was tall and thin and had rather a careless droop to his shoulders. "Oh, yes," she thought, "this is the man Treefit saw from the window. I knew he was here. . . ."

It was still quite light. The flush of the summer sunset tinted the western sky with sentimental shades of pink and mauve; yet in this rosy afterglow, because it was real, the composition of her garden became particularly noticeable and vivid, though everything, even her blue larkspur, had a curiously softening pinkish stain. Here was the color and pattern of her life, thought Lucia, especially well presented. And here was this man standing almost in the center of that pattern. . . .

"You may as well go away," she said. "There isn't any dinner to serve, after all."

HE TURNED and looked at her. She too was especially well presented at this moment and knew it, gathering her knowledge from his look. . . .

"I'm sorry," he said. "I wanted to see whether you'd recognize me." He smiled, and stepped easily and quickly toward her. "You don't know me, do you, Lucia? I'm Rodney Trent."

But she had known him from the beginning . . . But that was impossible! And yet her little cry of surprise sounded false to her own ears. Would she never come to the bottom of her knowledge of herself?

"Rodney! Rodney Trent!"

"Lucia! Hello. . . ."

"Rodney. . . . Good Heavens! Why didn't you say so? And how? Where on earth have you come from?"

"From New York. Drove up in a flivver."

"But I thought you were in Japan? Or was it California?"

"Both. And before that a lot of other places. But I've come home—for a while." This qualification was uttered in a matter-of-fact tone. But it had, for Lucia, a curious significance. It gave her an immediate sense of freedom, of barriers lifted, of horizons indefinitely extended. . . .

"For a while," she repeated, putting out her hand. "You've come home? But why? How do you happen to be standing here, in my garden?"

"Why not?"

"I'm sure I don't know why not. But you must admit it's rather a special sort of event . . . a very nice one."

She was smiling faintly her characteristic, amused smile. "I'm really awfully glad to see you, Rodney!"

"And I'm awfully glad to see you," he said, adding impulsively: "Father told me you'd lost all your money. That's particularly why I came—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucia. "Are you going to feel sorry for me too? Because if you are—"

"Not at all. Why should I? I'm not Father!"

"Your father's been sweet to me, Rodney. Everybody's been sweet to me."

"Of course everybody's been sweet to you! And of course you're sick to death of it."

"Colonel Trent gave me some excellent advice," murmured Lucia evasively.

"So he said! And that's why I beat it up here to talk to you. I wanted to counteract the effect of his advice." Rodney drew nearer. Hands in his pockets, he bent toward her, his lean figure curving toward hers. "Look here, Lucia. I suppose I shouldn't go at you like this, right off the bat. But don't pay any attention to Father or anyone else of his type of mind. Of course he's a fine old chap, the colonel is: I love him. But he's a hopeless sentimentalist. His ideas are fatuous, shortsighted and impractical—"

"Impractical!" cried Lucia. "How funny! That's just what he says about you."

"Oh, he does, does he? That's all he knows about me! As a matter of fact, I'm one of the few practical persons now (*Continued on page 32*)

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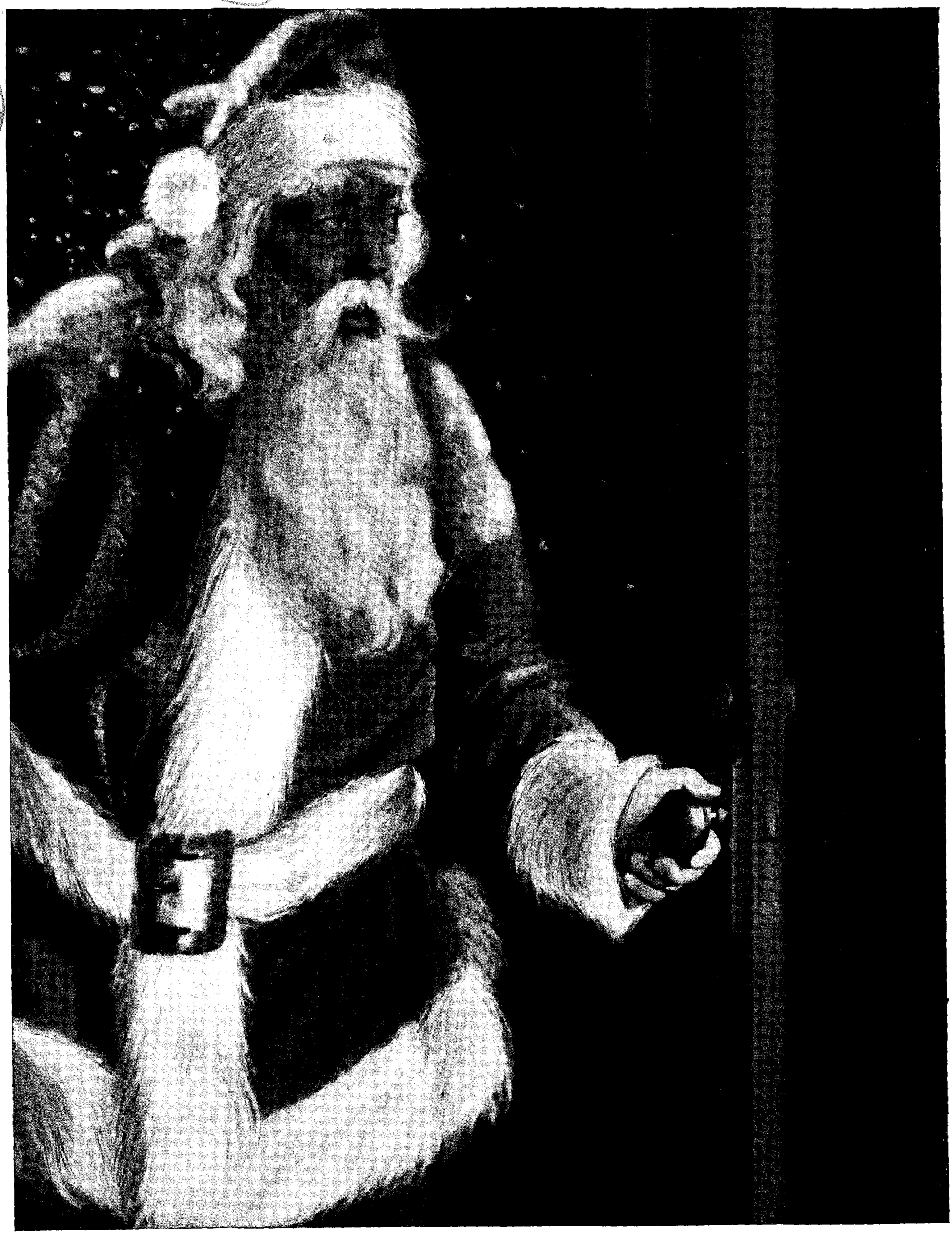
# 'Twas the Night



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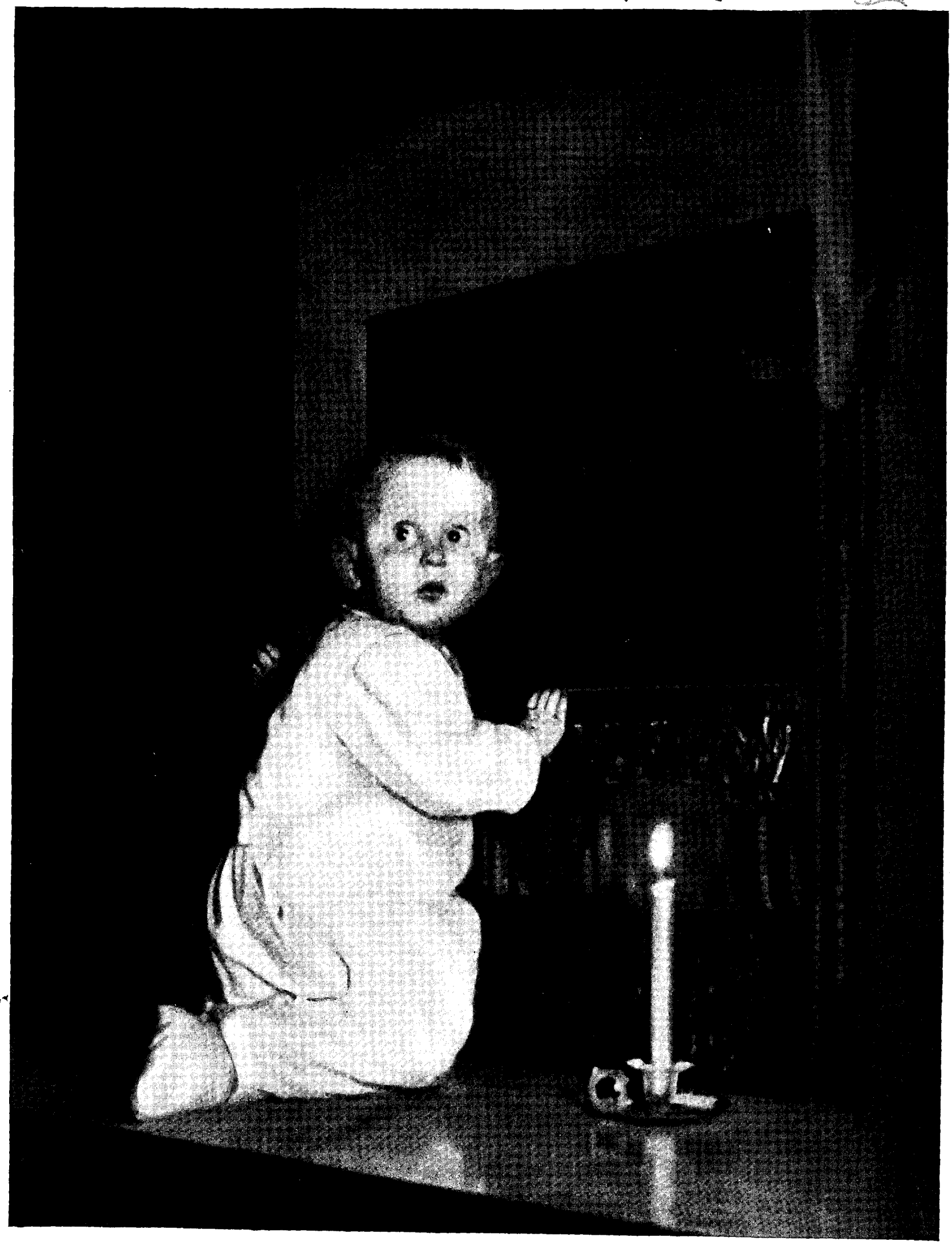
# before Christmas



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# The

*As we left the tea I sed to myself "the time has came for axshun"*

## *You can't stop a kid who keeps a diary from becoming famous and no guy in love is a hero to his caddy*

*Wednesday June 23, 1926.*

I HAVE wanted always to be famous. Lots of times i have tried to be famous but i never had much luck. Pop, my father, says if i keep on trying i will be notaryous.

Pop told me that all famous people like the prince of Whales and Ty Cob and missus Oleary kept a dairy which is a cronic.

So i will keep a cronic also. Soon i will be famous.

*Thursday June 24, 1926.*

Today was the beginning of vacashun. Most of our gang went swiming in Turtle crick wear it runs back of Mullins fish canery. The water smells offal fishy rite there but it is the only place deep enough to swim and enyway its naturel for water to smell fishy. There was Pigsy Skinner and Spec Brown who is called Spec because he has freckles and Ted Marshall and Hank Davis and me of course. We had a swell time and staid in 2 or 3 hours.

When we cum out we followed Turtle crick quite a ways down to wear it runs thru the Rush Hills country club or golf lynx which Pop says is a sort of institushun for feebul minded. From wear we was we could see a good sized squair about the size of a good sized squair carpet which was maid of green grass so green and so smooth that it looked like a green carpet.

4 men was on it and 4 boys. the men had britches on just like the boys only much bigger. Each man had a pole in his hands like a shinny stick and they was nocking little white balls over the grass. Each boy had a thing like a umbrella stand strapped on him full of shinny sticks. after awhile all the balls fell into a hole what happened to be in the grass so the men took them out and walked away to find a better place to nock them around. The boys followed them and when they turned around 1 of them was Pug Macarthy 1 of our gang.

"Hello what are you doing hear?" I called to him.

"o" says Pug, coming over to us. "i got a job hear. I get 1 buck for carrying these clubs around and sometimes i get tipped."

Jest then 1 of the 4 men turned around and saw Pug talking to us.

"Kaddy cum hear with my spoon" he yelled at Pug.

"i guess hes going to take his medicine now" Hank seggested.

When i got home to nite Pop was alredy home and he looked at me and sed "Well young man what have you bin doing today?" And I sed "o just fooling around." And he sed "well well."

Rite away i felt scared since when Pop says well well it means hes got a idea and the way he looked at me when he sed it made me think i wasent going to like it.

*Friday June 25, 1926.*

i went swimming again today. Tonite at supper Pop dident eat much fish. He sed they was offal and Ma dident eat much either. After supper Pop asked me if i had brung eny fish home lately and forgot wear i put them. i told him that i hadent catched eny fish for 3 or 4 weeks and he says it must have bin at least that long and then his voice got seriess and he told me the idea that he got last nite.

"Woodrow" he sed "you are almost a man now. You are plenty old enuff to help ern your bread during the summer when you have no school and so i am going to get you a job until september." i would have bin willing to stop eating bred but i saw that Pop meant i should work enyway so i sed,

"What kind of a job?"

"o enything that will keep you buzy" he sed.

Well if i had to get a job i thought i would like to be a kaddy and get 1 buck for jest carrying some shinny sticks around like Pug so i sed

"Pop can i be a kaddy out at the Rush Hills country club? Pug is a kaddy out there and he says he gets 1 buck for jest carrying some sticks around. He sed they needed boys bad over there."

"Well" sed Pop "if all they need is boys bad i guess you wont have much truble getting a job. Pug is Jack Macarthys son isent he? I think ill drop over and see what he thinks of it."

*Saturday June 26, 1926.*

i am now a kaddy. This morning Pop woke me up at ½ past 6. he sed he had decided i should be a kaddy. i guess old man Macarthy told Pop last nite how being a kaddy had improved his son. Enyway Pop sed i should be at Pugs house at ½ past 7.

i got to Pugs house at ½ past 7 and we walked up to the lynx or coarse which he calls it. On the way up he xplaned all about golf to me. He sed that a golf coarse had 18 holes and each hole had a speshul tea about 2 or 3 or 4 or 500 yards away from it wear you start from. He sed there is also a 19th hole which is in the club house but he dident know much about this hole he sed because the players like to play it without eny kaddies or eny golf clubs. He did know tho that there was no tea near the 19th hole.

Golf is very eazy to play. i think the winner is the 1 who doesnt loose as meny balls as the others or else maybe he is the 1 who can cuss the best, only i guess the ladies dont win often because they dont cuss very well.

Pug sed all a kaddy had to do was to carry a players clubs and watch wear he hits the ball and say "hard luck" when he dubs 1 and "nice 1" when he hits a lucky 1 and take all the blame for everything that goes rong with his game, and you get 1 buck for each 18 holes you kaddy and maybe a tip if you remember to say "hard luck" and "nice 1."

When me and Pug got to the club house Pug went up to the kaddy master which is the hed kaddy and sed

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# *Unfairway*

## *By* BURFORD LORIMER

i wanted to kaddy and would he let me work with him the 1st round and the hed kaddy sed "alrite" and so he let Pug and me kaddy for 2 funny looking ole guys who was hollering at him for 2 boys. The ole guy that i kaddied for thought i was a very good kaddy. 1 time he nocked 4 balls 1 after another way out of bounds and into a weat field off the 3rd tea. i dont know weather he had intended to nock them into the weat field or not but they looked peachy and they had a in curve that would of made Walter Johnsons look sick. after each swat i sed "nice 1." Saying that must of made him think i was a grate kaddy because even when i couldent find eny of the 4 balls in the weat field i herd him say to the other ole guy

"that boy shure is a swell kaddy. like Ellie is."

Ellie is probubbly 1 of the girl kaddies but she must be pretty good for him to talk like that about her. Later at the 11th hole he ast me

"How many strokes did i take on the 10th hole? 7 dident i?"

"No" i sed "you hit the ball 10 times and missed it 1 time."

He looked at me pretty hard and then he sed

"im sure it was 7 or maybe 6."

"It was 10 hits and 1 miss" i sed and started to tell him wear he had hit the ball each time and wear he had missed it but he stopped me and said real loud

"yeh thats what i thought—7" and then he sed to the other guy "that kaddie certainly has a wonderful hed for figers. like Ellie has."

I guess Ellie is *sum* kaddy. i would like to meet her only Pug says he ain't herd tell of eny girl kaddy called Ellie.

After praysing me so much i thought he would give me a big tip but he dident even give me a nickel.

But the ole guy what Pug kaddied for give him 2 bits. And on the ticket wear the players is meant to punch what kind of a kaddy they think you is my ole guy punched "bad" 3 times and writ on it "even wors than that" and Pugs ole guy punched xellent on his ticket.

This afternoon after i had et the lunch Ma put up for me i kaddied for a fat ole lady. She was so fat i had to tea her ball up for her. She was cross eyed and had a mean look. i never knew wear she was going to hit the ball or if she was going to hit it at all and i guess she dident either. She almost beaned me 2 times. All together she lost 14 golf balls. You would think being able to look in 2 direcshuns at 1 time like she could that she would never loose a ball but before she could find out which way the ball went it was gone. 1st i tried to look wear she aimed and that was the 1st time i nearly got beaned and then i tried to look wear she looked but i give up and that was the 2nd time i nearly got beaned. about the 16th hole i found out i should look in between wear she looked and wear she aimed and we dident loose eny balls after that.

When we had done 18 holes and it was time to pay me off she took my check and instead of punching 1 buck on it she red all the printing on the back.

Finally she sed "i thought so" and showed me a place wear it red "members should subtract 10¢ from the caddies fee for each ball lost through negligence on his part. a strick enforcement of this rule will improve the character of the service rendered by the caddies."

"See that" she sed "you owe me eggzactly 40¢ but ive got a generus disposishun so i will call the 40¢ your tip. And then she tore up my check but she remembered to save the ticket and wrote "offal" and "rotten" "peutrid." i told Pug that i had bin tipped 40¢ and he could hardly beleave it.

I am afraid i will never becum a famous kaddy. It looks like i will be a notaryous kaddy tho. Enyway sunday is a kaddys biggest day so i will not be able to go to sunday school.

*Sunday June 27, 1926.*

I got up erly today so i could get to work in time to kaddy for eny erly bird but Pop sed i must go to church and sunday school.

*Monday June 28, 1926.*

Kaddied 2 times today. i dident get eny more tips, but i lerned a lot. i lerned it was safer to wait before saying "nice 1" or "hard luck" until i saw what the player says. If after he hits 1 he says "boy did you see that. that's more likely my real form," i should say "nice 1." But if after he hits 1 he cusses and says, "i guess im having a off day," i should say "hard luck." i also lerned when a player shoves his ball out of a hole or rut so he wont hert the ground when he hits the ball i should find sumthing interesting up in a tree to look at. golf is not as ezy as i thought.

None of the kaddies has herd of eny girl kaddy called Ellie. i wonder who that ole guy meant last Saturday.

*Tuesday June 29, 1926.*

This morning i kaddied for a turibly nice fellow but he was very sad. He tipped me 2 bits. He sed his name was Jack Duffy and he was just out of collidge and he was just learning how to play golf. He dident have to tell me that. And when i ast him why he looked so sad he give me a funny look and sed "i guess it is because i haven't seen eny very good jokes lately" and i sed "its to bad you cant see yourself play golf."

He sed he had herd that kaddies were wonderful golf players so i had to tell him which club to use and how to use it all the time. i liked having him think i was a wonderful golf player so i give him lots of advice. i don't know how good it was but enyway it couldent have made him play wurs. When he hit a bad 1 he would say he was a bad pewpill and when every now and then he happened to connect with the ball he would say that i was a very good teacher.

mister Duffy had bin driving the ball into the grass each time so i thought the niblick would put it up in the air. instead when he used the niblick it went rite under the ball and it hardly moved. He dident get mad tho but sed he guessed it was just a nack and would i show him how? i sed i was sorry but i had a lame arm and hadent bin able to play for i dident know how long.

This afternoon it rained hard as enything and no 1 could play golf so i went home and red a book on golf which Pug lent me. tomorrow morning which is Wednesday i am going to play golf myself with Pug so i thought i should reed how. Every Monday and Wednesday morning the kaddies can play.

*Wednesday June 30, 1926.*

i have found out that golf is not as eazy to play as it looks. This morning all the kaddies was aloud to play and me and Pug went around to gether. He let me use his clubs. Pug took 117 strokes to go all the way around and i took 183 not counting misses. Pug sed he could hardly beleave i hadent played before i was so good.

This afternoon i lerned sum more about kaddying. i was kaddying for a ole guy who was playing with 3 other ole guys. When he sunk his putt on the 7th he ast me

"kaddy how many did i take on this hole? 6 dident i?"

Well i thought a minut and then i sed "no sir you took 5."

Well he looked sirprised for a minut and then he sed "5 sure enuff. i wonder what ever made me think i took 6. My game is improving. That's the best i ever had on that hole."

And then his partner sed "5? well ill be darned. Nice work that just gives us this hole."

And then 1 of the ole guys what was playing against him sed "5? i guess you must of had a brainstorm."

and then the other ole guy ast "5? since when have you bin shooting par?"

But they let it go and the ole guy what i was kaddying for sed "you is 1 of the best kaddies i ever had" but he didn't say enything about Ellie. Well we had got to the 10th when i remembered that he had taken 7 instead of 5 back at the 7th hole and so i told him and he got mad as blazes and sed "nonsense" and the ole guy what was his partner sed "absird" so i sed "that's rite sir, when i sed 5 i forgot the 2 shots you took getting out of that big raven." Well both he and his partner cussed me under there breths and the other 2 ole guys just laid on the ground and laffed till they got all purple in the face. He dident ask me his score eny after that and he punched "needs instruction" on my ticket and he dident tip me.

(*Continued on page 38*)

*Illustrated by* PAUL MARTIN

*The real sirprise was when I got home for supper and Pop showed me the evening paper*

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# They Call it Love

By LOU
JOSEPI
VANCI

*Distrust and misun
bring Fay's dreams
crumbling together*

*Fay laughed with delight to see Don stiffen and look almost apprehensive*

*The Story Thus Far:*

FAY LASCELLES and her brother, Beauregard, are living uptown in New York with their mother. Fay is artist for a fashion magazine and Beau is secretary to Carl Lander.

At a party one night in Paul Manquist's apartment, loaned for the occasion to Manny Reseda, Fay's employer, Fay meets Lona Schell, a beautiful girl claiming to be making her way in the world. Fay also meets Don Gerould, of a socially prominent New York family, and falls in love with him and he with her.

But Don Gerould has his troubles. He is engaged to Letty Delavan and the day after the party finds his mother in a terrible state because his older brother, Duke, has been found out in an affair with the younger children's governess. Mrs. Gerould thinks the only way to keep Duke from marrying this "baggage" is for him to be convinced that the resulting publicity would probably mean a broken engagement for Don.

Don, with a feeling of guilt, realizes that this may be a way out for him—with his engagement broken he could turn his attentions toward Fay.

With some plan in his head he goes to Duke and confesses to him that he and Letty do not hit it off any too well and that he is in love with someone else.

Duke agrees to go to tea with Don and Fay and Lona that afternoon and Don arranges to see Letty in the evening, when they break their engagement, an engagement arranged by their families and not one of mutual desire.

Next day marks the beginning of a close friendship with Lona, marred a few weeks later by the fact that Beau, after a dinner with Lona arranged by Fay, firmly and unconditionally states that Lona is being kept by Carl Lander and is not at all the sort of person Fay should be seen with. Fay is wildly indignant.

She goes next afternoon to Lona's apartment to meet Don, who is calling for her there, and finds Don and Dora Walter, a young friend of Lona's, there. Lona takes Fay into her bedroom and demands to know what Beau said about her after he got home the night before.

Fay tells her and then Lona, though she is plainly frightened and angry, half convinces Fay that there is nothing really wrong about her relationship with Carl Lander. Fay, through her love for Lona, half unconsciously blinds herself to the truth.

That night Fay tells her mother and Beau that Don has broken his engagement to Letty and asked Fay to marry him.

Next morning Beau heals the rift caused by their quarrel over Lona and secretly gives Fay what little money he has saved, for her to buy some of her trousseau.

And everything seems quite serene again.

THAT angry eye set in the back of the car drew away, swiftly dwindling, gave one red, sardonic wink as it took the Broadway corner, and was not; and all the jolly glow of life went with it and left her forlorn, stranded in a dead end even bleaker than the night to which she had been delivered—at her very doorstep, true: a child lost in a grim forest notwithstanding.

And for some minutes she stood there, an image of stone she might have been but for wind-whipped skirts, waiting for nothing, so benumbed by the winter which had seized upon her spirit that the arctic gale, booming up the hilly street from the Hudson, raged with a higher fury of chagrin in its failure to bite through to her senses and hunt the girl to cover.

"*You've had an amusing young flirtation, and now it's all over and there's nothing to pay. . . .*"

Under the cruel lash of that echo, however, she winced even in the flesh, and the wince was a shiver in the sight of a belated Samaritan, bound for a bachelor's bed but no bigot, who straightway paused to try his luck with a few well-chosen if inexpensive words of sympathy; but the countenance that suffered his smirk was so lightless, so frozen, he repented in haste and, with a mumble to the intelligent effect that he guessed he'd made a mistake, hunched his collar again to his ears and scudded away with the wind.

And, like a fine mechanism which through some shock has stalled on dead center and needs only a minor impulse to start it up again, Fay the physical organism took one blind step and followed it with another as unpremeditated and aimless, and these with others still lodged her presently in the elevator and, after a short rest, carried her out of it and through a door—which she was ignorant of having stopped to unlock—and so down the dim corridor to her own room, while from the forward end of the flat Fanny cried to her unheard.

SOME time later Fanny made her way aft unaided—or only by the cane whose thumping registered in no ears but her own and those of the family downstairs—to find Fay at a standstill in the middle of her bedchamber with every appearance of not knowing how she came to be there—if, indeed, she even knew she was there.

"Fay! I called and called you. . . . Didn't you hear?"

The girl gave a start, a small shudder, and blank eyes to her mother. "No," a flat voice unlike hers said. "What's the matter?"

"Mrs. Neale telephoned a while ago to tell you to be sure and meet her at half past nine instead of ten to-morrow morning. But I think it is you who ought to be telling me what's the matter. . . ."

A heavy sigh shook the quiet; and Fay, lifting dismal shoulders slightly, let her wrap, the pretty new coat she was so proud of, slip off to fall about her feet in an unheeded heap.

"Nothing's the matter," she reported in the same lifeless tone, "I mean, everything is—it's all over. Don and I have quarreled and broken; it's all finished . . . forever."

"That's a long name for any time our minds can grasp," Fanny reflected. "I seem to notice it's not much used except by young-and-twenty." But that sarcasm was denied by the kindness of shrewd old eyes that couldn't help seeing Fay was in a bad way, too far gone for tears. "Sit down and stay a while, won't you? And tell me all about it."

"There's nothing to tell." Neither did Fay sit down, though her mother did without more delay, lest those absurdly slender ankles buckle. "We simply found out to-night we didn't understand each other, simply couldn't. . . . So it's ended."

Something which Fanny was moved to say, something sensible no doubt as well as sympathetic, registered on Fay's perceptions as a mere seep of noise without meaning. And yet she could hear her own voice responding, as she might have been listening to herself from a great distance, though to what effect she hadn't more than a general notion.

And she wondered vaguely what she was doing there in that cramped cubicle, holding intimate converse with a strange old person whose dimensions made the room seem still smaller and meaner, a fat old body in a frivolous pink dressing gown over a nightdress a bride might have envied, throned like an idol on a chair too little for her, who talked and talked and talked without ever saying anything—for all the world like some outlandish yet benevolent old idol miraculously made eloquent!

WHY should she be baring her heart to this or any soul alive? Why be laying its wounds open to another's probe and dressing? They were her wounds, she alone could know how fatal—deep as they were beyond all healing!—no one but herself had any right to know their pain and nurse them.

". . . *an amusing young flirtation, and now it's all over. . . .*"

Don might have been repeating to her

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*rstanding*
*happiness*
*t her feet*

*Illustrated by*
T. D. SKIDMORE

very ears those brutal, mocking phrases, the memory of his voice was so quick and true. . . .

But her own was interfering: "A gay place called Arrowhead. It isn't so very far from here. We wanted to dance and didn't want to stop and dress for any of the downtown restaurants. . . . Oh! just Don and Lona and Dora Walter to begin with. Don and I would much rather have been alone, of course; but he had promised Dora a party the first time he met her—only in fun, of course; and she's such a quaint, lonely little thing, I thought he oughtn't to put off keeping his promise any longer, especially now Mrs. Gerould's taken her up and made her Douglas' dancing teacher."

"'Especially'?" dry accents inquired. "I'm afraid I don't quite follow. . . ."

"Why, I only mean Mrs. Gerould's been so nice to her, and she and Douglas get along so well together, and she's my friend. . . . All that makes her one of the family, in a sense—I mean, almost."

"Is that the sense in which Edda Gerould views the—hm—relation, I wonder?"

"Of course not, but that was the way I felt about it. I like Dora; she's a little roughneck—"

"A what?'

"That's what Don calls her . . . a little roughneck, but amusing and so hard up and self-dependent: I didn't want her to feel slighted, so I made Don remember his promise, and that of course, meant asking Lona because Don met her at Lona's."

"I suppose what he means by 'roughneck' is that the girl's rather common."

"Well . . . perhaps just a little; but she's only a child; she'll learn as she grows up; and she's so bright and high-spirited and says such funny things. . . . I mean, they sound funny, coming from such a baby. . . ."

"I see. But I don't hear you telling me what you and Don fought about."

Tell her? Tell even her mother? How could she?

And all at once Fay was shaken by a delirious sense, all sweetness and pain, of being in Don's arms again, held close and tenderly while they danced like two mad things, mad with love and the poetry of the tango, at the instant when, like the growl of a tocsin all but muted by the music, the breach to come had sounded its first warning.

"Hullo! Who d'you suppose those two thrusters are who have made up to the girls without our knowledge or consent?"

A GLANCE back to the table at which they had left Lona with Dora was perplexingly accompanied by a dull thrill of foreboding.

"Why, don't you remember, dear? The man facing this way is Mr. Manquist; it was his studio Mr. Reseda borrowed for that historic party—if you haven't forgotten! And the one with his back to us is Mr. Lander."

The grunt Don gave was something to think about: It might have been a chuckle cut short, but one somehow knew it wasn't.

"Thoughtful of them, I call it, to turn up like this, just when we're shy a couple of partners."

"It's nice for the girls," Fay alleged, not too honestly, to a beloved shoulder.

It was, of course, possible that the two men had motored out to dine as friends desiring no society but each other's; that this new turn of affairs was a trick of chance entirely. But if their wishes had really run that way, you would think they might more sensibly have chosen a sedater atmosphere, a hotel dining-room sacred to men, some club taboo to women, any resort but one like this, where people flocked to make love to music as much as for the pleasures of the table. Neither, if you knew Lona, did it seem just to hold chance the sole conceivable offender. Lona was learning to play an imperious temper where attendance was in question, nowadays.

"Just Don and us three girls?" she had demurred to the invitation Fay telephoned. "Two of us will have a thin time—or Don will!"

It was altogether in character if Lona had elected, without reference to Don's wishes, to call up Lander and tell him where she might be found.

But it would never do to encourage Don to entertain any such suspicion.

What was he saying? "You mean nice for Manquist—and Lander!"

"Don't be a dog in the manger, dearest; you don't know how forsaken I feel when you're dancing with Dora or Lona."

THE dying surges of the tango washed them up by their table, and Don was making the additions to their party welcome and hearing their elaborate excuses with that air of ironic good humor which was peculiarly his.

An affair of pure accident, of course, but what a charming one! The two friends at loose ends for the evening thrown by sheer good fortune into the way of this ill-balanced party and only too happy to accept the bid to complete it which the host didn't hesitate to extend. . . .

And what had been till then a sedately pleasant time speedily became the merriest imaginable and not far from the noisiest. For this Manquist was mostly to blame.

The artist of romantic fiction was the last figure Paul Manquist made one think of. But, then, he gracefully explained to Fay, Manny Reseda paid him too much money; he had long since bade ambition adieu and grown resigned to doing himself like a grand duke on the wage of a successful commercial painter.

"Not that I've got a poor opinion of myself as a draftsman," he amended his apology; "you'll see when you sit to me for one of my covers. Oh, but you must! Shaking your head like that only goes to show how much you've still got to learn about life in a great city. Women of fashion fairly fight for the honor of being my models"—which Fay knew to be, if anything, an underexaggeration. "But I'm haughty and choosy with all but those who bring me credentials bearing Don Gerould's cachet. He's a famous picker, that lad. I've gone a long time wanting to meet him and find out how he does it. If people only knew, I follow his selections so religiously the covers of The Modern Modes these last years have been pretty much a picture gallery of his affairs. Letty Delavan's the latest. In another month you'll see her wondering who the devil you are from every news stand."

And Fay laughed with delight to see Don stiffen and look almost apprehensive.

She wasn't slow to make up her mind she liked Manquist.

A creature of massive mold who looked ungainly but wasn't, his clever hands were as big as boxing gloves, and he used enormous feet as deftly on the dance floor. A most engaging grin compensated for the undeniable plainness of ill-assorted features all a shade oversize. Well-groomed and mannerly, witty in a ready way that at times approximated brilliance, he discovered a torrential flow of animal spirits and a genius for conjuring up fresh stores in flasks cunningly secreted on his person.

Lander, on the other hand, drank next to nothing, and Don begged off as usual because he was in training. It consequently devolved upon Lona and Dora—Fay taking sides with Don and law and order—to save Manquist from the vice of solitary tippling; and if Dora valiantly (*Continued on page 42*)

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# The Heart of Alix

By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

*"Steady!" A voice sounded like an echo in her ear. She told herself it must be Ronnie*

## *The Story Thus Far:*

ALIX BARLESTON, a young Englishwoman, is visiting her uncle and aunt, Sir Harry and Lady Fubsy, at their estate, Node, on the Isle of Wight. One night Alix meets, in a deserted tower room, Basil Stanismore, who holds her worthless husband's notes. Basil promises to cancel them if Alix will come to him. She refuses.

Later that night Alix is surprised in her room by a visit from Ronnie Dene, a young officer who has long been in love with her. Ronnie is worried about her. Just after he leaves, Alix's husband, Frankie, comes in and whispers something to her that makes her let him spend the night in her room. Next evening the dead body of Stanismore is discovered outside the sea wall.

Inspector Manderton of Scotland Yard comes to question the house party. The guests include Curtiss Vrogue, an eccentric friend; Alix's young sister, Freckles; Gerry Leese, Freckles' American suitor; Ronnie Dene; Alix and her husband. Each seems to have a perfect alibi, although Alix and Ronnie believe that Frankie's is false. Alix stands loyally by her husband in his need, and Ronnie, for Alix's sake, swears that he did not leave his room after ten on the fatal night. However, Manderton discovers that Ronnie and Alix are not telling the truth.

Alix has supposed that her husband really committed the crime, but now he insists that he believes Ronnie the guilty man.

Dr. Pontifex, local police surgeon, and Manderton have a talk during which Dr. Pontifex tells the inspector that, knowing nothing about the motive or circumstances of the crime, he would pick out Vrogue as his first study because of the fact that he is obviously very abnormal. This starts Manderton on a new train of thought, especially when he hears that Vrogue has close connection with the newspaper that was fighting Stanismore politically and that he had flown into a rage that day when a reporter had tried to see him.

Next morning Manderton goes to Portsmouth in Gerry's boat and finds Stanismore's yachting cap in Ronnie's oilskin, which had been loaned to him. Gerry tells Alix and she warns Ronnie, only to get no explanation from him except that he did not kill Stanismore.

NOT until next day did Inspector Manderton come back. . . .

A telephone message from Scotland Yard for Gerry at breakfast time, asking whether the motor boat could meet the inspector's train at Portsmouth at eleven o'clock that morning, was the first notification of the detective's impending return. It was not stated whether Mr. Manderton would land at Chine Bay or come straight across to Node, but soon after eleven, Gerry having started out an hour before, the different members of the house party, one by one, as if drawn by an unseen thread, began to drift into the morning room.

A flawless summer day had tripped in on the heels of the rain, a fiery sun blazing down out of a deep blue sky upon a sea like painted glass. In the glowing gardens, drowsy in the morning heat, the warm, damp flower beds exhaled their subtle fragrance and the scented air was burdened with the brisk chatter of the birds and a constant undertone of humming insect sounds.

But within the house the atmosphere was oppressive. The long-drawn-out suspense was sapping the fortitude of them all. For thirty-six hours, under the ceaseless surveillance of shabby, silent men, gliding like shadows about the house, they had waited in ignorance, and now that Inspector Manderton's reappearance seemed to foretell the end of their ordeal the nervous tension became almost unbearable. For suspense is a two-edged sword: fear of its protraction and terror of the unknown are equally welded together in its blade.

Frankie Barleston had not appeared that morning, and Alix was the last to join the party. She found Sir Harry, that gentlest of men, pacing the carpet like a caged beast, and Lady Fubsy, like an agitated hen, fluttering about him. Freckles kept darting to and from the gardens to watch for the arrival of Gerry and the inspector, while Ronnie stood on the veranda, his fingers beating a restless tattoo on the balustrade. Vrogue had retired behind the Times, his huge frame almost filling the Chesterfield.

Alix did not sit down. She leaned against the end of the settee, fingering a string of white crystal beads about her neck and listening to the different sounds that broke the ominous hush: the clamor of the thrushes among the roses; the droning of a vagrant bee; the creaking of Sir Harry's shoes as he tramped the room; the rustle of Vrogue's newspaper.

Her heart was racing; her hands felt cold as ice. She knew that her courage was slowly oozing away; and to fortify herself, to hold frayed nerves in check, she began to count the beads as her fingers slipped over the keen, hard facets of the crystals. . . .

Flying footsteps on the veranda, and a vision of Freckles, cheeks heated, short skirts flying, long, bare legs.

"They're coming up the walk from the sea door!"

As from afar off, Alix heard the fretful voice of Sir Harry:

"You leave me to deal with him, Ethel. . . ." His face seemed strangely magnified.

"Steady!" A voice sounded like an echo in her ear. She told herself it must be Ronnie; queer she had not heard him speak. Her arm was tightly gripped. Everything in the room seemed to slide back into position and remain like that. The dark eyes that gazed so solicitously into hers were now their normal size. She realized she had all but fainted, and made a gallant show of a smile in token that she was herself again.

Heavy footfalls reverberated on the parquet of the adjoining drawing-room, then Cantle's terrified face, like a sheep's in the grasp of the slaughterer, bobbed in the doorway. The next moment the butler was shouldered aside and Inspector Manderton loomed large on the threshold.

He had exchanged his holiday attire for a dark reefer suit, and the sober dress lent him a more formal air.

HE WAS frowning, his jaw jutted, and from under his heavy eyebrows his eyes, lit by flames of determination, seemed to flash forth a persistent, angry challenge. His two acolytes accompanied him and at a gesture ranged themselves at his back, stiff as dummies in their clumsy suits of serge, twisting their hats in their large, red hands. One carried the inspector's bag, which he set down on the floor.

In an oppressive silence Mr. Manderton came forward and, with a gesture

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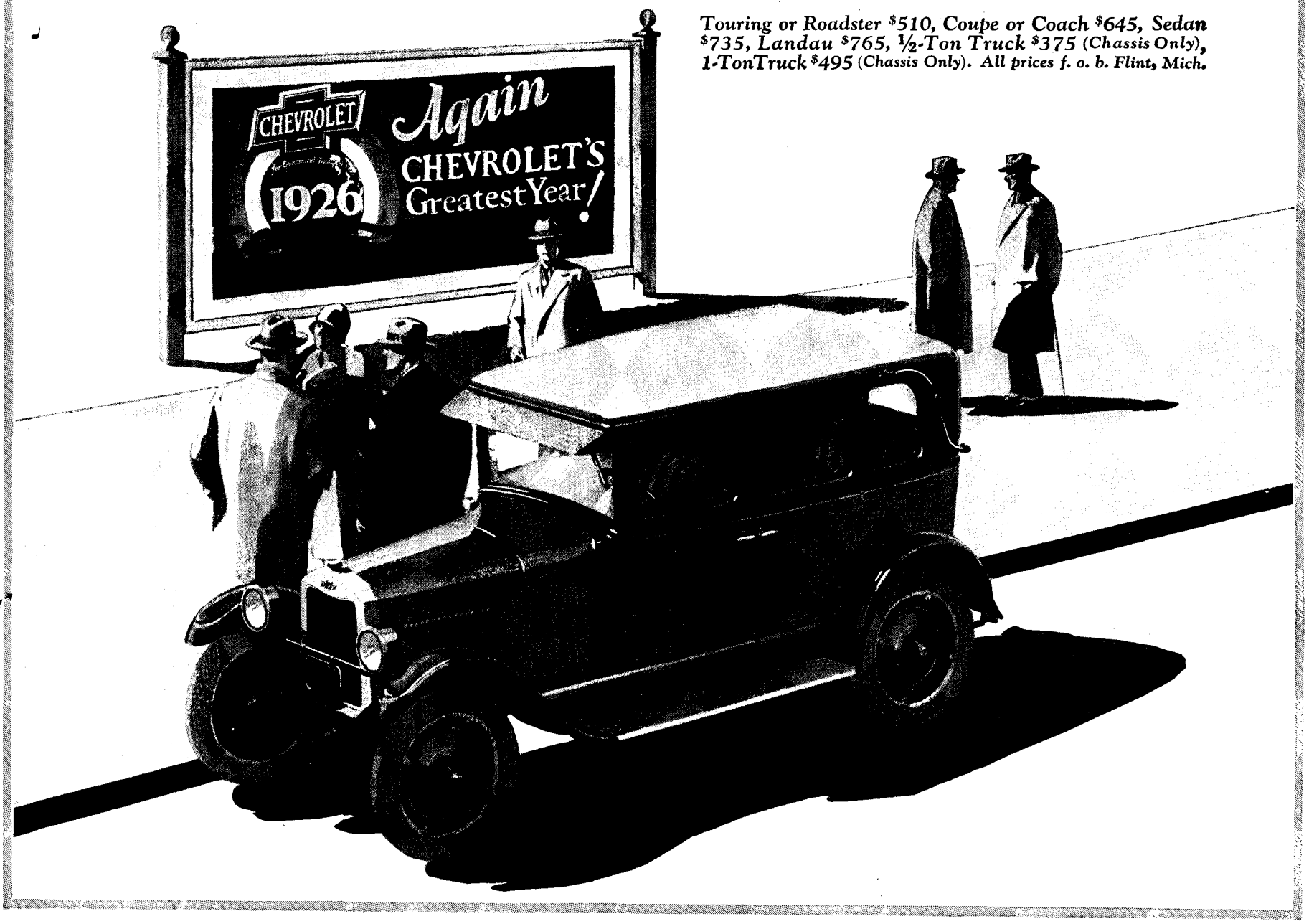


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of stark defiance, slammed, with a hollow sound, his hard felt hat down upon the center table. Then he let his gaze slowly circle the room until it rested upon Alix Barleston's pale and agitated face.

You must picture them as they were assembled there, eying that menacing figure with uneasy glances: Gerry and Freckles, visibly thrilled, right and left of the door; Lady Fubsy, in her black and white flowered silk, enthroned in the armchair next to Freckles; then Vrogue, with his totem face, on the Chesterfield; at his back the French windows open on the shady veranda and the gay gardens beyond; Alix, white and grave, in cool mauve linen frock, standing near by; and next to her, Ronnie, with features sternly set. Sir Harry was on his feet in the center of the room, nervously fingering his beard.

With slow deliberation Mr. Manderton walked up to Alix and halted in front of her. His deep voice shattered the silence:

"Mrs. Barleston," he said ominously, "what were you doing in Node Tower on the night of the murder?"

A thrill of excitement rustled round the circle. But this man dominated them all, and none dared interrupt. Alix gave the detective a glance of speechless alarm.

"Do you deny that you were there?" he asked, and paused for her reply.

Her lips moved, but no sound came forth from them.

"It's a dangerous game trying to bamboozle me," he told her threateningly. "So you thought you'd go to the tower room, did you, and tidy up all traces of your visit? You're a very clever lady, ma'am, but not quite clever enough to hoodwink me. There were one or two little things you overlooked."

WITH a violent gesture he thrust out his closed hand and opened the fingers almost in her face. Two charred and crushed cigarette stubs reclined in his palm. He pointed from one to the other with his finger.

"Will you compare these cigarettes? They're both Gold Flake, the brand you smoke. One I picked up out of the grate in the tower room; the other you discarded yesterday in Sir Harry Fubsy's study. Look at them, please! On each you will find a little smear of red. D'you know what that is? I'll tell you. It's rouge, Mrs. Barleston, lipstick I think you call it. Only two of you have access to this room, Vance, the maid, and yourself. Are you going to tell me that this elderly servant of yours rouges her lips and smokes?"

He paused and glared fiercely at her. "Well, what have you got to say about it?"

Still she did not speak. Her face was waxen in its pallor, and the shining beads that rested on her bosom rose and fell quickly.

With a menacing air he drew nearer to her, his hot eyes fixed on hers.

"The candlesticks wanted cleaning, didn't they?" he barked viciously. "Oh, your story was very glib, ma'am. You didn't get rid of the burnt-out candle end, I suppose, and scrape off the fresh wax that had dripped down on the candlestick you had used? If you'd looked at the tablecloth a little closer, you'd have seen it was stained with wax—fresh wax, Mrs. Barleston! It told me, anyway, that the room had been used recently. And used at night! Now, are you going to tell me why you went to the tower and why you were so anxious that I should not find out about your visit?"

She stood like an alabaster statue and said never a word.

He put an arm on his hip and nodded grimly.

"Then I'll tell you. You went to meet Basil Stanismore. And had your lover handy, just to see fair play!"

At that sneer, as he watched her, he perceived a change in her face at last. The color rushed into her cheeks, and her eyes grew angry. She was trembling from head to foot.

"It's not true!" she cried.

Sir Harry Fubsy's voice cut in, protesting, upon the detective's rejoinder:

"Inspector," he said sharply, "you force me to protect Mrs. Barleston. What right have you to speak to her in this fashion?"

MR. MANDERTON turned on him savagely.

"What right?" he thundered. "I'll let the lot of you know what right quick enough! From the outset this lady has obstructed the investigation to shield her lover. Evidence suppressed right and left; right and left I'm lied to. What right, indeed? Nobody's going to make a monkey of me and get away with it, I can tell you straight. And now, sir, I'll ask you to have the goodness not to interrupt me again." With sudden, deadly calm he turned back to Alix.

"You deny it, eh? Mr. Stanismore was not in the tower room shortly before he was murdered?" He thrust his face into hers. "You dare to tell me this when his footprints are on the path and on the doorstep of the room; when I've got here in my pocket the cigar he threw away, identical with the cigars which were in the case in his pocket? You be careful before you deny anything I say to you!"

"I don't know . . . whom you mean . . . by my lover," she gasped out.

He laughed shortly. "Oh, yes, you do, Mrs. Barleston. And you know that he was present throughout your interview with Stanismore, concealed behind the screen. That was why you tried to hush up your sister's story. It was awkward to find that Captain Dene had been seen coming back from the tower—"

"That at least is not true," Ronnie broke in sternly. "I've never been in the tower room in my life."

Mr. Manderton gave him a bleak look.

"Then perhaps Mrs. Barleston will tell us who it was?" he suggested icily. But once more she had wrapped herself in her pitiful silence.

"Silence won't help you," persisted the detective. "The footprints are there in the dust behind the screen. If I'd lighted on you a few minutes later the other morning you'd have had them brushed away; I know that." He glanced toward Dene. "If you were not coming back from the tower, perhaps you'll inform me what you were doing in the gardens on Friday night?" he suggested.

"I told you before," Dene rejoined hastily, "I just went out to get a mouthful of air. . . ."

"That was at midnight, I think you said . . . after I had refreshed your memory?"

"Yes. . . ."

"Then where were you at twenty minutes to twelve?"

Manderton saw—they all saw—the prompt alarm that showed in Dene's eyes, and noted the fatal pause before his reply.

"In my bedroom, I suppose!" he answered at length.

The detective bent his brows at him.

"I suggest to you," he said very slowly and distinctly, "that you were present at the interview between Mrs. Barleston and Mr. Stanismore in the tower room and that at the end of it you followed this man to one of the paths in the Wilderness and killed him in an altercation on the subject of Mrs. Barleston. . . ."

There was a gasping cry from Alix. Ronnie laid a restraining hand on her arm.

"That's perfectly absurd," he declared firmly. "I didn't kill Stanismore, nor had I anything to do with his death. Why, I didn't even know the man. . . ."

"Mrs. Barleston knew him," the detective retorted significantly.

"Are you suggesting that Mrs. Barleston persuaded me to kill Stanismore?" demanded the young man hotly.

"Mrs. Barleston has only herself to blame for any interpretation I put upon her actions," was the prompt reply. "You deny the charge, then?"

"Of course I do. It's preposterous. . . ."

Mr. Manderton snapped his fingers at Mallow, who had his bag in charge. The plain-clothes man stooped to it and extracted a stained and battered yachting cap which he handed to the inspector. The detective held it aloft.

"Have you seen this before, Captain Dene?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, I have," was the resolute answer.

Mr. Manderton stared at the speaker, surprise, mingled with suspicion, in his whole attitude.

"Is that so?" he murmured in a puzzled voice. "Then you can tell us what it was doing in the pocket of your oilskin?"

DENE hesitated. The inspector, watching him closely, followed the young man's gaze as it traveled from Alix, tragically aloof, at his side, to Vrogue, who leaned back against the Chesterfield, his newspaper on his knee, with his grotesque features crumpled into an expression of close attention.

"You'd better ask Mr. Vrogue," Dene replied at last.

Mr. Vrogue shot abruptly into an erect position. (*Continued on page 40*)

*Illustrated by* JAMES TREMBATH

*"Mrs. Barleston," he said ominously, "what were you doing in Node Tower on the night of the murder?"*

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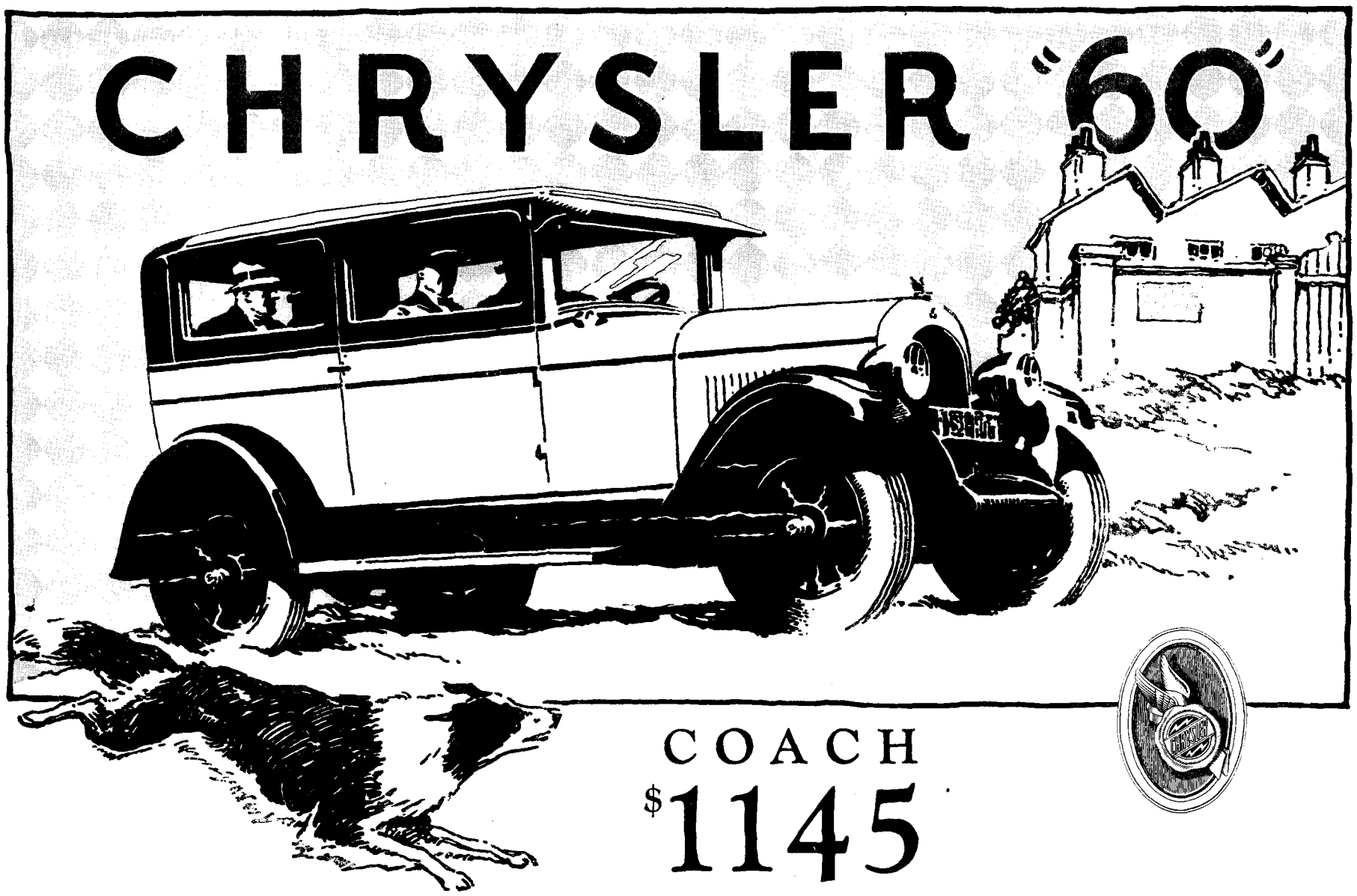
# FEATURES PLUS—*the reason why the Chrysler "60" stands out so unmistakably alone and in contrast with other values in the light-six field.*




WHEN you place the Chrysler "60" alongside of the ordinary six you will instantly recognize why any attempt to compare it "feature" against "feature" is in vain.

At once you have overwhelming evidence that the Chrysler "60" not only excels in the mere number of "features" but even more particularly in the quality of those "features".

For the Chrysler "60" has finely balanced seven-bearing crankshaft, impulse neutralizer, oil-filter, air-cleaner, Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes, full pressure lubrication, manifold heat control and road levelizers, combined with matchless beauty and superb appearance.

But the Chrysler "60" offers you these "features" *plus* the matchless performance, dependability and long life that are inevitably built into every Chrysler —and to a degree far beyond that found in this price class due to the unique Chrysler plan of quality standardization.

The model number "60" means that this car is built as if required to give its maximum performance for every mile and minute of its life.

It is for this reason, even more than for its marked excellence in "features", that the Chrysler "60" is recognized as *beyond comparison* with any other car of its type and price — unmistakably supreme in the light-six field.

*All Chrysler models—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; at the annual special model display at the Commodore Hotel, during the New York Show, Jan. 8-15, and at the Balloon Room of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 29-Feb. 5.*

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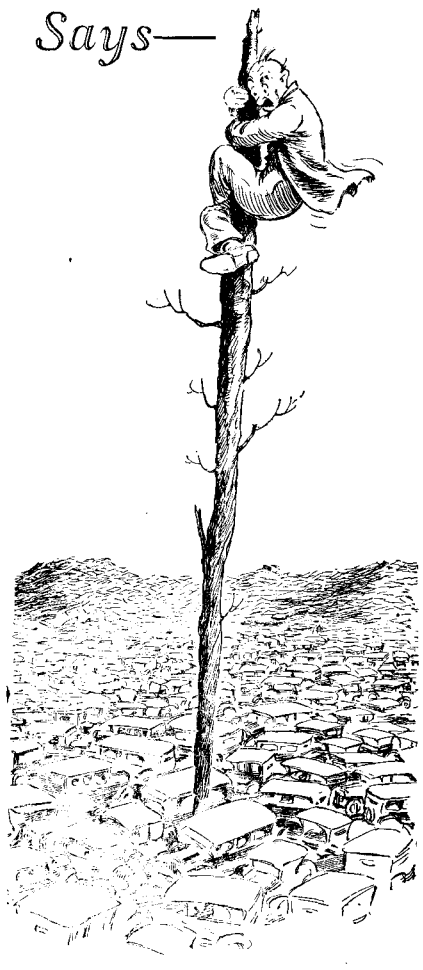
## *Tom Masson Says—*



*What we are beginning to need are parking places for pedestrians.*

We feel so sorry for some people we are willing to share our last debt with them.

The motto of some married people seems to be that there's nothing like living apart if you want to get together.

Radio has introduced 3,000 new words. It must be exciting for a man who has just built a new set to pass the evening with a golfing fiend who has just done his 36 holes.

**Some of our churches pass their time either in barring people out, or wondering why they don't come.**

**"Prosperity," says Uncle Sam, "sticks in my cotton crop."**

**Modern arithmetic seems to be based on the formula that one plus one unmakes two.**

**The millennium will be here when there are ten gas stations to one car.**

Please don't tell me the cure for my troubles lies within me. I feel bad enough, already.

The BIGGEST thing in modern science is the atom.

If we succeed in putting over the five-day week, the next thing in order will be a national holiday for hold-up men.

Everybody wants to raise the wages of our postmen except the government.

Strange we never hear anything from Switzerland: no novelists, no playwrights, no intellectuals. The only thing she has become notorious for is an uplift movement.

# Clowning Through Life

*Continued from page 16*

the "flash period" which followed the Civil War. But nowhere did it create a more tremendous sensation than in our household. "We'll never get those passes now," we said.

Nevertheless, on Monday morning Mother and I went up to the Grand Opera House. We found a man in the outer office who looked at us in astonishment and disapproval when we timidly stated our errand.

"I'm sorry to trouble ye at such a time as this," said Mother. "I know that Mr. Fisk—God rest his soul—is dead, but we need those passes very much, and I thought that maybe he might have arranged it before he—"

### A Momentous Event

THE man said he would see, and went away. He was gone a long time, and our spirits sank very low. But finally he came back and he had an envelope in his hand—our passes! Fisk had approved them on Saturday morning; he never hesitated long over beneficence.

Soon after we returned to Chicago Mother was employed as a sort of nurse, guard and companion to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. Mrs. Lincoln had always been a woman of rather unusual disposition, and it will be remembered that she had had some spells of "temperament" even while she was in the White House. After her husband's assassination she fell into deep melancholy, and after her son Tad died in Chicago in 1871 (the third son she had lost) she suffered from periods of mild insanity.

She had many strange delusions at these times. She thought gas was an invention of the devil, and would have nothing but candles in her room. At other times she insisted on the shades being drawn and the room kept perfectly dark. Mother was with her at Springfield most of the time, but made one or two Southern trips with her in winter.

The position was a trying one, and Mother gave it up twice, but each time the kinsmen induced her to come back after she had had a short rest. She remained with Mrs. Lincoln until toward the close of the latter's life, when that unfortunate lady became so much unbalanced that the family thought it best to place her in a private sanitarium. Mrs. Lincoln died in 1882.

I was sixteen when a momentous event took place in my life. I changed my name! Always trying to break into the show business at some crevice or other, I teamed up with one of my chums, a youth named Jack Finnegan, a year or two older than I was, to do acrobatic song-and-dance stuff.

We used to practice what we fondly called our "act" by the hour at certain quiet places down on the lake shore, where falls wouldn't hurt us.

Our two names, Finnegan and Fitzgerald, coupled together on a program didn't suit my partner. He said it sounded too Irish. I questioned whether anything could be too Irish, but he overruled me. He had decided to take the name of Edwards. I pondered long over my stage moniker. There were two girls, the Foy sisters, working in the concert halls then (they afterward became very famous in vaudeville) whom I admired very much, and I could think of nothing better than their name. It was short and seemed to me to have a picturesque quirk about it that made it easy to remember. So our team became Edwards and Foy, and I have been Eddie Foy ever since.

### Their Only Hope

IT WAS a long time between engagements for us. There were very few theatres in the country then which put on anything like a vaudeville show, and of course kids such as we were had very little hope of breaking into such places. As for getting into anything like the "legitimate," there wasn't one chance in ten thousand for an uneducated boy with no influential friends and no background save that of poverty and the streets and beer halls. There were few legitimate theatres, and they only in the larger cities.

We're coming back toward the same condition to-day, but there is a new reason for it now; the movies have driven the more expensive spoken play out of the smaller places. In my boyhood days the smaller cities and towns had little or no amusement save of the cheapest sort and that sometimes at long intervals. Most of the great stars carried no company or almost none with them on the road, but in the few large cities where they played were supported by the more or less permanent local stock company, which was usually very low-salaried and so small that one actor frequently had to play two or three parts in an evening, and many lines had to be cut out for this reason.

The only hope for young aspirants like Finnegan and myself lay in what were later called "honkytonks"—the "beer halls" or "winerooms" of those days, which put on an olio of stuff—good, bad and indifferent—as an attraction to their customers: the same idea as that of the cabaret of to-day. As these places rose a little higher in the scale and put on a better program they called themselves "concert halls" and charged more for their drinks.

It may sound to some folks like a pretty low sort of business, but let me tell you there was many a struggling chap like myself who started in those places because he couldn't get in anywhere else, and who later made his mark in the real theatre in one line or another. Such men and women as J. K. (Fritz) Emmett, Joe Murphy, W. J. Scanlan, Chauncey Olcott, Nat Goodwin, Sol Smith Russell, Harrigan and Hart, Barry and Fay, George S. Knight, Lotta Crabtree and dozens of others whom I might name did some of their first work in the old honkytonks.

Finnegan and I sometimes went to out ying towns like Joliet, Elgin or Milwaukee, possibly on a more or less definite engagement, but more often on a mere tip that we might get work there, or even just as a gamble. We could seldom afford transportation money, so we would crawl into a freight car or on the trucks under it, carrying our costumes wrapped up in a newspaper, and get through that way if we could. If we were thrown off, as not infrequently happened, we finished the journey afoot, unless we could get a lift on a wagon. And then we sometimes made only two or three dollars on the trip or perhaps nothing at all.

At the corner of Van Buren and Clark Streets in Chicago in the seventies there was a big beer hall called the Cosmopolitan which put on a rather better vaudeville program than such places usually did, and Finnegan and I finally got a week's engagement there. It was a big boost for us, and we prepared to do our best. Our remuneration was to be a dollar apiece per night.

We ran into professional jealousy as soon as we struck the place. Certain regulars who had been performing there for some time looked on us with considerable of a grouch. We heard mutterings about kids who weren't dry behind the ears yet, and raw amateurs coming in there and taking the bread out of honest workingmen's mouths, but we heeded not. We regarded ourselves as honest workingmen too, and goodness knows we needed bread to accompany our liver and bacon as much as anybody did. But the other actors had plenty of friends among the patrons, and they were prepared to make life uneasy for us if they had half a chance.

The Cosmopolitan was a large place of its kind. It had a stage at one end of the hall and a little corner screened off alongside it which was mostly cut up into dressing-rooms. There we nervously awaited our turn.

Finally the team of Edwards and Foy were called, and we bounded on to the stage, all togged out in our jackets and knee trousers of red-and-white striped bed ticking, to face some cold stares and low murmurs of hostility. We had a song of which the chorus ran:

*Blue eyes and golden hair—*
(Five dance steps and a somersault)
*No other maid so fair—*
(Five more steps and another flip-flop)
*In a brownstone front on Broadway*
*Or a cottage at Cape May,*
*If you want to win a pretty girl,*
*Those are the cards to play.*

Well, we got through our first verse and chorus in fine style until we came to the second flip-flop. I was still in the air when I heard a low, dull *wham* at my left. Finnegan-Edwards, usually a sure performer, had slipped somehow in his take-off and flopped full length on the stage like a bag of salt. The shock came near wrecking my own leap, but I managed it somehow.

Maybe that crowd didn't give us the razz! The pals of the other actors did everything but tear the roof off! "Put 'em out!" "Git some actors!" "Git somebody that can stand up!" were a few of the milder criticisms. We got through our second stanza without any more disaster, but amid considerable disorder, and then hurried off.

### He Licked the Manager

THE manager at the Cosmopolitan was a fellow named Thompson—a thoroughly hard-boiled guy, who would just as soon wallop an actor in the jaw as not, and frequently did it. He met us with a volley of abuse and cuss words; we were fakers, misfits, club-footed half-wits; we'd gotten in there under false pretenses. Finnegan suddenly became very angry.

"For Heaven's sake, don't start anything, Jack!" I begged him aside. "This fellow's bad!"

But Thompson made just one more nasty crack, and then Jack hit him. At that I sank down in despair on the steps leading up to the stage, and tears flowed down my cheeks. After all our struggles, when we had finally succeeded in landing a good engagement, here we had flopped on the very first night, and now my partner was licking the manager. Yes, he was really doing it! My career seemed once more to have been nipped in the bud. I was ruined!

But these gloomy thoughts had scarcely passed through my mind when I discovered, to my intense astonishment, that the fight was over and that Thompson was shaking hands with Finnegan and telling him that we were all right and he hoped we'd stay with him.

Notwithstanding Thompson had come around so handsomely, Finnegan was so embarrassed by his accident that he wouldn't act at the Cosmopolitan any more, and I finished out the week alone; and then came more long, barren periods when I couldn't get anything at all. I tried to join John Robinson's Circus once as acrobat and comedian. They wouldn't employ me when the show was in Chicago, so I sneaked on the train when it pulled out and went with them anyhow.

They didn't fire me until we reached South Bend, Ind., because they didn't find me until then, but there they threw me out of their midst so emphatically that I began to believe they really didn't want me. So I sadly journeyed back to Chicago the best way I could—partly on freight trains, partly in kindly farmers' wagons, partly on foot.

*Next week the star tells how he began to twinkle (faintly) in Chicago*

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# This Way–Health!

## A simple method that has conquered old ills and shown thousands the way to new life and energy

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. E-36, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I HAD SEVERE INTESTINAL PAINS. I have been a chauffeur for twenty years and sitting in a car for ten or twelve hours a day without getting any exercise finally told on my system. In this plight I took Fleischmann's Yeast. In two months' time the pains were gone. I was absolutely a different person. I was entirely well."

R. S. BURNWOOD, Venice, Calif.

BELOW

"I BROKE OUT FROM HEAD TO FOOT with skin eruptions. My entire body was covered with angry welts. I could not rest at night and was tortured during the day. Finally some one suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I took three cakes a day and soon I was well. That was three years ago and I have been well ever since. Fleischmann's Yeast will always be my spring and fall tonic. I cannot say too much in its praise."

MRS. FRANK G. MEHRLING, Baltimore, Md.

"AFTER SUFFERING FOR YEARS FROM SICK HEADACHES brought on by stomach trouble—sometimes two attacks in the same week—I was advised by a Denver doctor to eat Yeast. I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast three times daily and continued taking it in this manner until I was convinced the practice was benefiting me. Now I have been free from headaches for several months. There is no reason to doubt that Fleischmann's Yeast did for my stomach trouble what all the other remedies and treatments failed to do."

EDWARD A. SPROUL, Denver, Colo.

LEFT

"I BECAME TIRED AND LISTLESS last year, owing to the lack of proper exercise. I was also troubled with indigestion and my complexion lost its freshness. I was seriously alarmed. On a doctor's advice, I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast. I cannot praise it too highly. My complexion returned. Every trace of indigestion vanished. I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast to keep fit."

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THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

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# THE ORANGE BIRD

*Continued from page 19*

inhabiting this globe. But I'm not going to brag about myself, just now. What I'm after, at the moment, is to get out of your head the pernicious idea that Father and all your other friends—no doubt—have put into it. And that's the idea that you've got to marry for your bread and butter."

"Don't you think," asked Lucia, "that I'm capable of entertaining such a pernicious idea on my own account?"

"Well," he demanded, "are you?"

"Yes. Of course I am."

"Then why did you send me that message?"

"What message?"

"You told Father, in New York, to ask me, the next time he saw me—"

"Oh, yes! About the money! Yes, I remember . . . So I did! I wanted to know how you managed to live on next to nothing a year—"

"It's simple enough," said Rodney. "I work. But that's not the point. The point is that you really don't want to be forced to auction yourself out of your present difficulty. You really don't want to have to marry some rich bird—one of those two birds, for instance, who came out here a few minutes ago and spoke to me—"

"There are three of them," said Lucia, looking at the sky, now tinged with impossible shades of lavender.

"Don't, I beg of you, do anything sensible!" It was this stranger, who was also Rodney Trent, talking to her. They had been talking to each other for ages, here under the low-hanging lavender sky. "In the first place, it's bound to turn out badly, and in the second place—" Here he paused, removed his hands from his pockets, and then rather violently put them back again. "The fact is," he said, "I've always had a notion that I'd marry you myself some day."

"Rodney!" said Lucia.

"Yes, I have! I can't explain . . . I don't know why, except—oh, well, of course it's just because I've always wanted to. You know that. Don't you remember I once told you?"

CLEARLY, with amazing distinctness, she did remember. A dinner party at her house in town (the house that was gone now; taken by her father's creditors; sold) when she was twenty and Rodney a young lieutenant just home from France. She had liked him then; she had thought him interesting and different. . . .

"Ah, but that was years—ages ago!" she cried with a laugh that fluttered briefly against the low, intimate sky.

"Certainly it was. But I mean it. Only, I thought then, I'd be damned if I'd play the sort of game you seemed headed for. Marriage à la mode. Life in a groove. Money to make. Nothing more exciting than that. So I ran away. I was afraid of what you'd do to me."

"I!" exclaimed Lucia. "But I assure you I hadn't the slightest designs on your freedom!"

"Oh, of course not! It was just what I imagined. The sort of life I thought I'd have to lead. You must see what I mean! I could feel my hands getting soft, having nothing to do. . . . No real work. . . . The thing that's me, the thing that's always driven me, is mostly in my hands." He stopped and stood gravely peering down at her—into her eyes. "I did you an injustice, Lucia. I was too young to know that of course you'd never stoop to play their game."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, startled and somehow angry at this unexpected and unpredicted thrust into her soul. "What makes you so sure I'd never play what you call their game?"

"I'm sure," answered Rodney, "not only because you've never married—a successful marriage being one of the fundamental moves in the game—but also because of something here, in your garden. You yourself, worked out in this way—in this scheme of flowers."

"Oh!" gasped Lucia.

"I know enough about workmanship—whatever the medium—to see your hand in this garden. You've done it yourself and you've loved doing it, haven't you? And you've discovered—you must have discovered—" he rushed on, "that doing things for love is a better game than buying them ready-made.

"Why haven't you shaped your life to fit the pattern prescribed for women of your class? I'll tell you why! It's because you've felt that *your* life should have its own purely personal form and color. . . . Otherwise it would lack meaning, lack beauty. . . . The truth about you, Lucia," cried this amazing voice out of her past, "is that you're a person blest—or cursed—with a passion for beauty."

"Beauty's hard to catch," replied Lucia. "Hard to pin down. . . . For instance"—she had a vague notion that she was steering the talk into saner channels—"I've been trying to think what I'd put in the center of my garden, and I don't know. . . . I can't decide. Because it would have to be something quite definite, final—"

"Yes, I can see what you mean; I'd already noticed," he said.

"Tell me!"

"Wait a minute." He seemed to reflect, almost to dream. He whistled softly. Then he turned to her with a quick, boyish smile. "Yes! I'd like to try it. Something I once saw in a garden in Japan. I think I can do it—reproduce it. Oh, I know I can! But I've got to have the proper tools."

"Tools? Then you're going to make—this thing—whatever it is?"

"It's a kind of bird," replied Rodney, musing again.

"An orange bird, in a dead cherry tree. A marvelous, twisted stump . . . I can cut a wild cherry—that's easy. But the bird itself! I must find tools. Got to carve it out of wood, you know. Cedar, perhaps. Or—if I could find a block of cypress . . . "

"But it'll take you—how long?"

"Oh, I don't know. Give me a week. Say, a week from to-day."

They were smiling at each other now, like two children up to some pleasant mischief. "It sounds enchanting," said Lucia. "I'm really quite thrilled. I—"

AND then, from the house, the three faithful knights advancing. And suddenly the sky turning into a garish picture post card rather smudged and faded and wanting only its proper caption: *Scene in a garden at sunset, Manasquot, Maine.*

"Mr. Trent," said Lucia. "Mr. Dunham—Mr. Thane—Mr. Grenfell."

*The man who took his wife at her word: "Let's not buy each other anything"*

There were movements—murmurs of acknowledgment; a brief and rather sketchy explanation, by Lucia, of Rodney's presence in her garden and other utterances necessary to the moment. Then: "Apparently our dinner's on again," said Lucia. "Do come in and dine with us." And the three cavaliers echoed hollowly, "Yes, do!"

"Thanks," replied Rodney. "I dined an hour ago, and I—if you don't mind I'll say good night."

"By the way, where are you stopping?" asked Lucia.

"In a tent, about a mile up the state road."

"In a tent!"

"Oh, you're camping!" observed Dunham politely.

"Yes," said Rodney. "I'm camping. Good night, Lucia. Gentlemen!"

He bowed and walked away.

The dinner was on again.

The champagne cocktail was made and consumed.

The substitute steak was tough.

The three cavaliers were solemn.

"To Lucia!" they said, and toasted her gravely in poor Papa's posthumous wine. And Dunham said: "This chap Trent. . . . Is he an old friend, Lucia?"

"Oh, yes, quite an old friend."

"Queer that he should be camping," remarked Tom Grenfell. "I mean, nobody camps but the blooming campers—what?"

"He hasn't a great deal of money," observed Lucia.

"Oh!" exclaimed the three in unison.

"Not that it matters," added Curtis belatedly.

And Lucia, suddenly possessed by a bizarre and rebellious humor, looked at them and said: "No, of course money doesn't matter, does it? That's what you said when you proposed to me in the pantry—"

"I still insist the pantry was no place for it," interrupted John.

"—and that's what I say now that I'm about to decide, for I *am* about to decide"—here the three men sat up straight and stiff, incredibly self-conscious, in their chairs—"on a husband," concluded Lucia, with dramatic solemnity.

"Lucia!"

"Then you are going to—?"

"You've decided to—?"

"Yes," she said. "I've decided it's high time that Lucia Prescott got married, and since practical considerations have nothing whatever to do with it, I've decided to marry the man who can tell me, within the next week—say, a week from to-day—just what to put in the center of my garden. The most beautiful thing! Animal, vegetable, or mineral—" She laughed. She couldn't help laughing at their astonished faces. "But I mean it!" she cried passionately.

And after that a silence. Then Dunham getting up, glass in hand. "A sporting test," he said. "A perfectly fair and sporting test. No collusion and no collaboration. Each man to get up his own idea—and may the best man win! To Lucia's husband!" he proposed, lifting his glass.

Tom and Curtis were on their feet instantly. "To Lucia's husband!" they repeated; and Lucia, feeling as strangely and delightfully artificial as a princess in a fairy tale, smiled as they drank.

THE next morning, however, she got up feeling not at all like a princess in a fairy tale.

The farmer from whom she bought eggs came and asked her for money. She was compelled to write a check before breakfast, and that brought her in contact with her bank balance, and that—because she was human—caused little chills to go up and down her spine.

Drinking her coffee, later, on the screened porch off the dining-room, and gazing out rather fixedly at John Dunham's yacht lying, immaculate and beautiful, on the blue waters of the cove, Lucia cried aloud suddenly, "I'm a fool! Lord, what a fool I am!"

She must take Dunham, of course. Even though she had to cheat a little. . . . Oh, yes, she'd been a fool last night, and—all her life—perhaps? But now she'd be clever and wise; and Rodney Trent could go off scowling under a sentimental lavender sky; could go riding off in his flivver to pitch his tent in Japan, or in the valleys of the moon. . . . It was all his fault, anyway. Except for him she never would have thought of that absurd condition—that "sporting test." And now she'd have to wait a week—carry the thing off somehow, though of course it would grow in absurdity—when she might so easily have settled

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# 3 8/10 *miles*

## *—the distance from the heart of Miami to its finest suburban unit, Coral Gables*

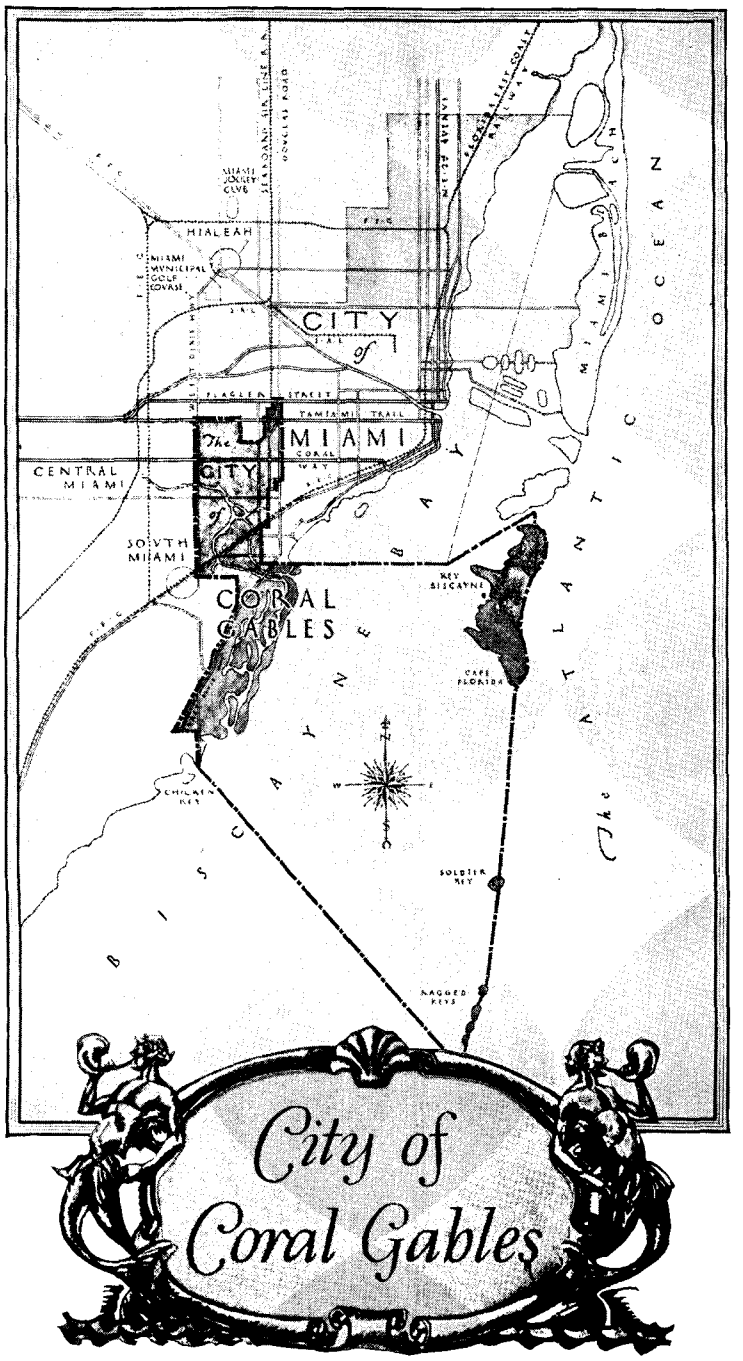
*The Tamiami Trail. This is one of the most important roads in the State, and will connect Tampa with Miami. It runs directly into Miami from Coral Gables, as do Flagler Street, Miami's principal thoroughfare, and Coral Way.*

*The skyline of Miami. This magnificent city of 200,000 estimated population has but one suburb adequate to the needs and tastes of its citizens—Coral Gables. The unequaled living conditions of Coral Gables are proving as irresistible to Miami citizens as to residents of northern cities.*

THE future of Coral Gables is indissolubly linked with the future of Miami. Their boundaries coincide for a distance of 13 miles. Every dollar spent in Miami and every addition to its population build Coral Gables' values. Coral Gables does not need to rely only upon its own resources, dependable as they are. For each of these cities shares the other's prosperity. In fact, many of Miami's prominent business men, literally hundreds of them, have chosen Coral Gables as their permanent home. Coral Gables alone offers the high type of suburban life that such people require. It is spacious, healthful, beautiful in architecture and landscaping, with all shops and industries permanently zoned away from the residential sections.

The selection of Coral Gables as the most desirable location in the Miami district has not been confined to home builders. When the site for the great Pan-American University of Miami was considered, Coral Gables was chosen. When the magnificent Miami-Biltmore Hotel was planned, Coral Gables was selected. Miami banks, business houses and social organizations are establishing branches and constructing buildings in Coral Gables. The new Ponce de Leon High School group, drawing pupils from the entire southwest section of Miami, is located in Coral Gables.

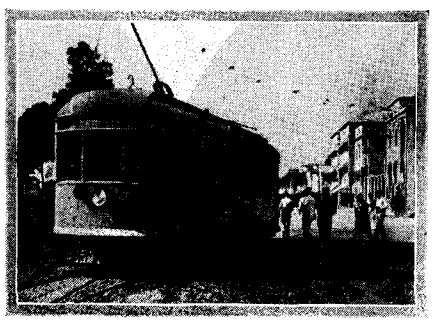
In volume of building construction, Miami was the twelfth city in the United States during the first 6 months of 1926. In the same period, Coral Gables' building volume almost equaled that of Miami. The amazing rise of Miami from a village to a great city in 30 years is one of the most dramatic chapters in business history. As the gateway to Latin-America, as a world port, as the possible metropolis of the South, Miami's future seems as brilliant to the international economist as to the local business man—and where Miami goes, there goes Coral Gables. . . . Will you go with it? Write to Dept. C-5, Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables, Florida, for facts and full information.




*A Unit of Greater Miami, Florida*

*Did you realize that the city of Miami, itself, bounds Coral Gables on two sides for 13 miles? Along the Atlantic, from Key Biscayne to Ragged Keys, Coral Gables' boundaries extend for 15 miles, and in addition there are about 6 miles of bay frontage, and about 25 miles frontage on canals and lagoons now partly completed. Its area is 16 square miles or about 10,000 acres.*

*This is the residence in Coral Gables of Clifton D. Benson, senior member of one of Miami's foremost law firms—Benson, McGarry and Sullivan. In the four-month period between May 1st and September 1st of this year, 71 homes in Coral Gables were bought by residents of Miami through a single broker.*



*The Coral Gables Rapid Transit Corporation gives frequent trolley service over its 17.2 miles of track in Coral Gables and Miami, running directly into downtown Miami over two separate routes, supplemented by bus services covering all residential areas.*

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# THE ORANGE BIRD

*Continued from page 32*

the whole matter to-day. "I choose John because he has a boat like a white swan. . . ."

Then Miss Treefit appearing on the porch and saying: "That man who was in the garden last night is in the kitchen and wants to see you now."

"Tell him to go away," replied Lucia. "No. . . . Send him out here, and I'll tell him. . . . Do I look all right, Treefit?"

"You look very young, Miss Lucia."

"Do I really? This negligee is becoming, isn't it?"

"And very beautiful," added the housekeeper, marching stiffly away.

And that, incidentally, is what Rodney Trent said when he came out on the porch and saw her sitting at a little wicker table, her back to sea.

"Lucia! You're beautiful!"

"Don't talk to me," said Lucia.

"What's wrong?"

"I'm cross. Sit down. Have some coffee?"

"No, thanks. I've just come to tell you I've found some tools. There's a cabinetmaker at Berwick—twelve miles from here. He's going to let me borrow his tools and work in his shop. Nice of him, isn't it? So I'll be over there for a few days and—I just thought I'd drop in and say good-by to you."

"Good-by, Rodney."

"Well—you needn't say it like that, you know."

"Oh, yes, but I—I must say it like that! Because I've been thinking over all *you* said to me last night, and really it was very bad for me."

"Why? Bad for you? What do you mean?" demanded Rodney, startled.

"I MEAN that I wish you hadn't turned up like this—all at once, just now—when I've really got to be very, very sensible! How dare you," exclaimed Lucia, "turn up like this after years and years—after I'd almost completely forgotten you?"

"Then you hadn't quite forgotten me?"

"Yes, I had! I didn't say—"

"You said 'almost completely forgotten.'"

"I don't care what I said, you must go away—at once—and never come back. Do you understand? Because I'm going to marry John Dunham, or one of those three—"

"You're not. You can't! If you could, you'd have done it long ago. You're the sort of woman who marries for love, and you don't love—"

"I love this place! And I love my life. . . . I'm lazy; I want to drift. . . . I want to walk in my garden, day after day, and look at what's mine!"

"But it won't be yours," returned Rodney, with devastating logic. "It'll be just something you've bought at a price—"

"I love it, I tell you!"

"You love what you've put into it. . . . I'm thinking particularly of your garden. You've had a free hand there, and that feeling—that sense of freedom—has colored your whole life. . . . But once your freedom's gone these things you think are yours, these things you love, will turn ugly and hateful. . . . They'll shut you in like the walls of a jail."

"Don't! Don't say it! You're cruel! You really are—"

"Listen, Lucia. I want to tell you something. **A kind of story. . . .** When I was in Japan, in Tokyo, I got to be friends with a Japanese artist, a wood carver. In fact, I was studying with him—"

"You were studying?"

"Yes. But that's not important. It was in this man's garden that I saw the orange bird. He had an only son who died. The old man was heartbroken, gave up everything, all his commissions, to work on a memorial—only memorial isn't the word: some symbol, really—of the spirit of his son. While he was still considering a design he said he saw his son in a dream. And his son said to him: 'Let me go; don't hold me with your love. I must be free of everything—all forms, all former affections—or I'll never be able to make the journey that's before me.' Then his father asked what thing he would make—what symbol—that would both commemorate and release him. And the son said: 'Make that which has no likeness in heaven or earth. Make something strange'—the word he used meant original, unique—'and something with wings.'"

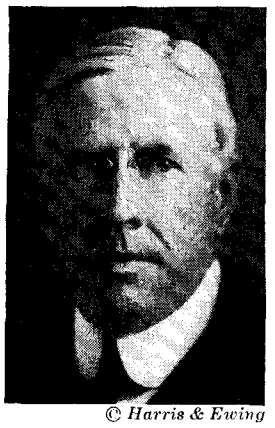
Rodney paused. Lucia was looking now with a kind of childish fascination into his eyes. "Well?" she asked.

"That's all. Except that when the old man's friends saw what he had carved and colored and set up in a dead cherry tree in his garden, they thought he was insane. Because there was no logic to this bird, you see. And no formal likeness that would make it appropriate or understandable . . . and maybe they were right," added Rodney. "Maybe it is insane to go beyond the formalities of life. But if so, then I'm offering you that insanity as a lover's gift, I'm bringing it into your garden because it's the most beautiful thing I know—the rarest and most beautiful. . . ."

He stepped quickly toward her, leaned down and kissed her on the lips. "Lucia! I'll be back in a week. I love you. Wait for me."

"Rodney!" She had jumped up and now stood facing him, her eyes very bright, one hand clutching the nebulous laces at her breast. "No, no, you mustn't! You must never come back! Do you hear? Rodney. . . . You devil! Do you hear?"

But he had gone without another word, without even looking back at her.

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**MARK SULLIVAN**

One of the keenest political observers of our day sizes up the chances of Coolidge, Smith, Longworth, McAdoo and others in

*The Scramble for the Big Job*

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S


A WEEK later, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Lucia sat in her garden reading a letter that she had just received from Colonel Trent in New York. The letter read as follows:

"*My dear Lucia*:

"I was glad to have your last letter and to know that you are getting along so nicely. However, I can't overcome a certain apprehension with regard to the future, in so far as it concerns the practical management of your affairs.

"The fact is that before his death, in an effort to relieve some of the financial pressure that finally crushed him, your father mortgaged the Manasquot property—the house you are now living in—for eighteen thousand dollars. This mortgage, of course, is still outstanding. It exists as collateral for notes held, in equal amounts of six thousand dollars each, by your friends Dunham, Grenfell and Thane. I have recently verified this fact by again going through your father's papers, for on receiving your letter, in which you mentioned these three men particularly—I believe you said they were dining with you?—I was struck by the coincidence, which on analysis, of course, turns out to be no coincidence at all. For naturally these men were aware of your father's difficulty, and, being anxious to assist, came forward, no doubt of their own volition . . ."

At this point Lucia stopped reading; but a moment later, again picking up the letter, which she had dropped into her lap, her glance fell upon the closing paragraph:

"I must warn you, my dear, to pay no attention to Rodney's ideas or to his peculiar and I may say unsocial philosophies. He's my son. I love him dearly. But he's an out-and-out visionary, I've decided—with not a single sound notion in his head—not one!"

At which Lucia laughed again, rather shrilly. Then she gasped and closed her lips tightly and sat up very still on the rustic garden seat, for down the walk that led from the house she saw three figures approaching—her three faithful knights, in flannels, looking both beautiful and brave. . . .

These three, her gallant friends . . . her father's creditors! And they had said never a word to her! Of course not. . . . They were too chivalrous, too generous, too sporting.

She must be clever; she must cheat a little if necessary. How should they know what was in that letter in her hand? She must choose Dunham.

"I say, Lucia. We've drawn lots. Tom's first. Speak up, Tom, old son."

THEN Tom, rotund and lightly perspiring, like a small boy on a recitation platform, stepped up to Lucia and blurted out: "Well, you know, I'm blest if I don't think a fountain's the best thing you could put there. I've thought and thought, and my idea's a fountain. . . . With figures, you know. Nymphs or mermaids or a boy holding a fish. . . . Something like that. . . . What?"

"A fountain," said Lucia very gravely, very thoughtfully indeed.

"Well, by Jove!" cried Curtis, with a startled, barking laugh. "I'm next, but—Jove! I guess there's no use my speaking at all. Because mine's a fountain too!"

"No!" exclaimed Lucia. "Not really! And you really hadn't talked it over, or—?"

"Not a word!" Tom Grenfell passionately assured her. "Cross my heart!"

"And you, John?" queried Lucia.

Dunham smiled grimly.

"You'll think this is a put-up job, Lucia. But I swear it isn't. I don't know how it's happened like this—strikes me as queer! But I suppose Tom and Curtis and I do have more or less the same ideas about everything, and—"

"Oh," cried Lucia, "don't tell me that you too had thought of a—"

"A fountain! Yes, I had."

"Dead heat!" said Tom at last, with a sigh. "We'll have to try again."

And at that moment Lucia heard the sound of a rattletrap motor coming rapidly up the drive that skirted the garden. And instantly she was on her feet, crying wildly: "No, no! Go away! Go away! You three, please. I can't stand any more of it. You own this place; it's yours. . . . I've just found out about that. You loaned money to my father, and that money's never been paid. . . . The place is yours. But please go now! Because *I'm* going—"

The dear, sweet, really chivalrous souls! How she hated them!

And, picking up her skirt, ran as fast as she could away from them. She ran into the house and upstairs, into her own room, and locked the door. Then, very calmly and deliberately, she took out of her closet a black leather traveling bag and began to pack it with various personal belongings.

AN HOUR later Miss Treefit came and knocked on her door. Lucia opened it.

"Miss Lucia?"

"Yes?"

"That man who was in the garden is in the garden again, and he says to tell you to come out and look at the bird he's got there. But, Miss Lucia, don't you go because he's crazy, that man is! He's got a dead tree stuck up in the middle of the garden—one of those wild black cherries, as queer and twisted a thing as ever I see, like some kind of a snaky monster it is—and in the top of it he's stuck this bird! And it's plain queer, Miss Lucia! It really is! Plain outlandish and queer. It's bright orange, and its wings are sort of spread out like it was going to fly—"

"And is it," asked Lucia eagerly, "like any bird you've ever seen before?"

"No, Miss Lucia, it certainly isn't. For it's got the face of an angel—or a devil, more likely—"

"More likely a devil," agreed Lucia; then: "Go pack your bag, Treefit. . . . We're leaving here to-night, and we're never coming back to this place—"

"Leaving, Miss Lucia? Never coming back?"

"Yes," said Lucia, and brushing past the astonished housekeeper went downstairs and once more out into her garden; but slowly now, and softly. . . .

It was there, in the center, where the four walks met. . . . And overhead was a fading, sentimental sunset. . . . A dreaming lavender sky. . . . And Rodney coming toward her, and calling out: "Do you like it? Do you think it's beautiful?" and taking her hands. . . . And the orange bird, with an angel's or a devil's face, spreading its wings over all that had been hers, and was now hers—for various unutterable reasons—no longer. . . .

"Darling," said Rodney, "don't be afraid. . . . I can take care of you. . . . I'm a practical man. . . . You should have seen me handle that old cabinetmaker's tools! Listen, do you know what I've been doing in the seven years I've batted around the world? I've been working, learning to do things for myself, learning the arts and learning trades. . . . I can take care of you. I can make things for you—whatever you need! I could make that dress you've got on! Design it, cut it, even do the sewing! No, listen to me! I can weave cloth and build houses. I've worked in a steel mill in Pittsburgh, mined coal in Wales, and raised silkworms in China. I'm a good mason and a good mechanic. I can farm and I can steer a ship. . . . I've been literally a butcher, a baker and a candlestick maker—and this is the first time in all my life I've ever bragged or told anyone what I could do—"

"Hush," said Lucia. "You crazy boy! Why are you bragging to me? Do you think I care about your practical accomplishments? Oh, never say that word to me again! You've made a beautiful thing for my garden—an orange bird! And I love you for that! And you've spoiled my life, and destroyed it, and offered me instead a kind of insanity—and I love you for that! I'm going away with you to-night, and where we're going I don't know or care, for my life here is finished, my garden's finished. . . . I love you. . . ."

"Lucia!" he said, and kissed her, and, holding her in his arms, laughed aloud. "We'll have a gorgeous time!" shouted Rodney.

The orange bird was very bright in the painted dusk.

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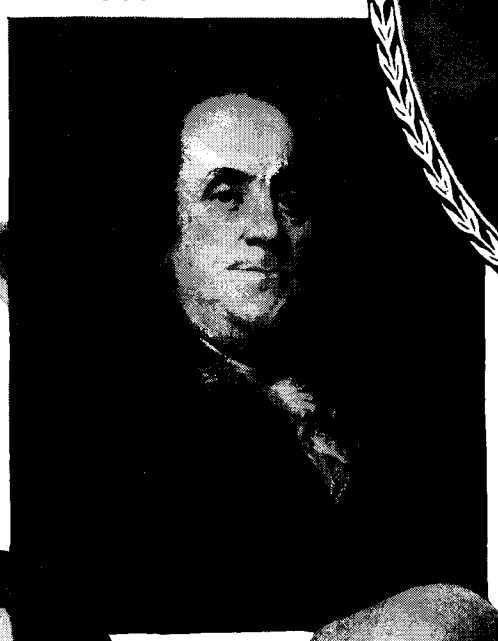

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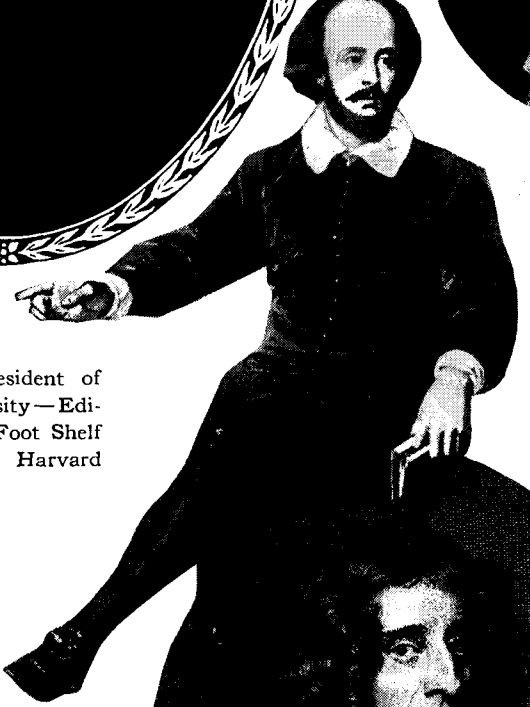

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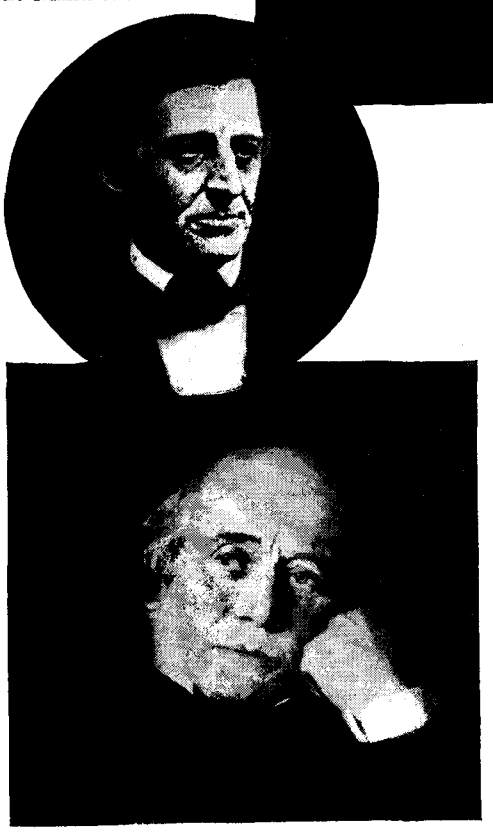

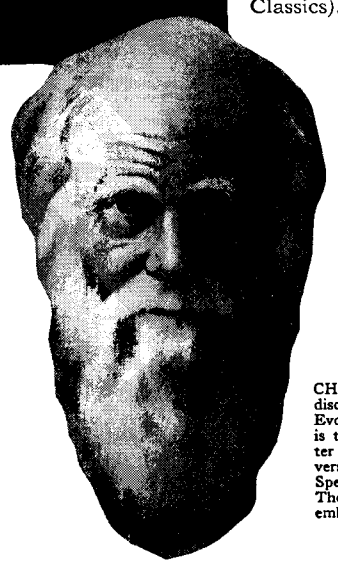

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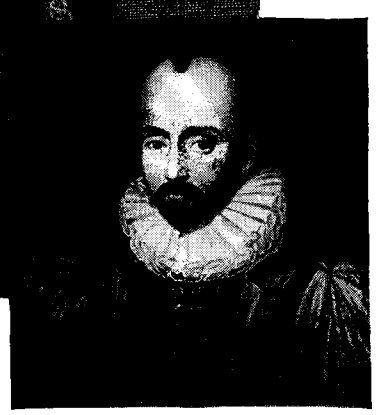

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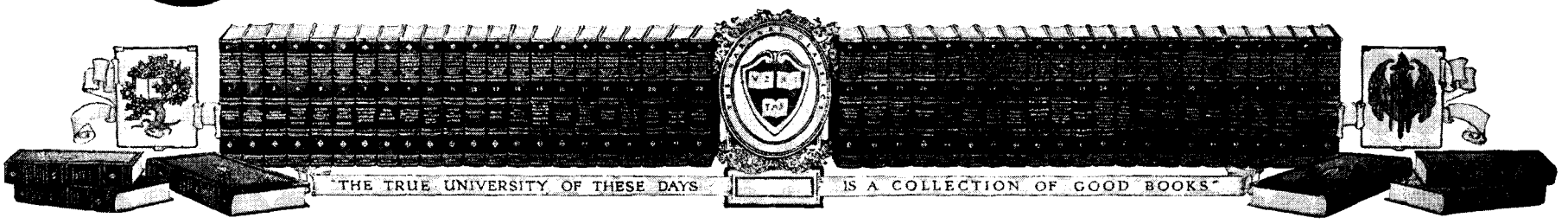
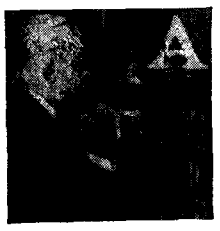



### Now where can I find out about that?



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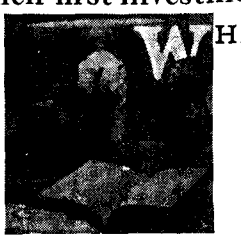

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Says ex-President Hadley of Yale:

"In every department of practical life, men in commerce, men in transportation, and in manufactures have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges was men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently.*"

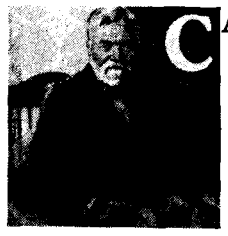
What are the few great books? How shall a busy man find them? Dr. Eliot has solved your reading problem.

### "Those 15 minutes made me more money than eight hours' work!"

I MADE more money last year than I made in five years before," says a prominent business man. "Yet I did not work harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had more time for golf, travel, and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is required for success. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive."

### "I would not exchange it," *said Andrew Carnegie,* "for all the millions that were ever amassed by man"



CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

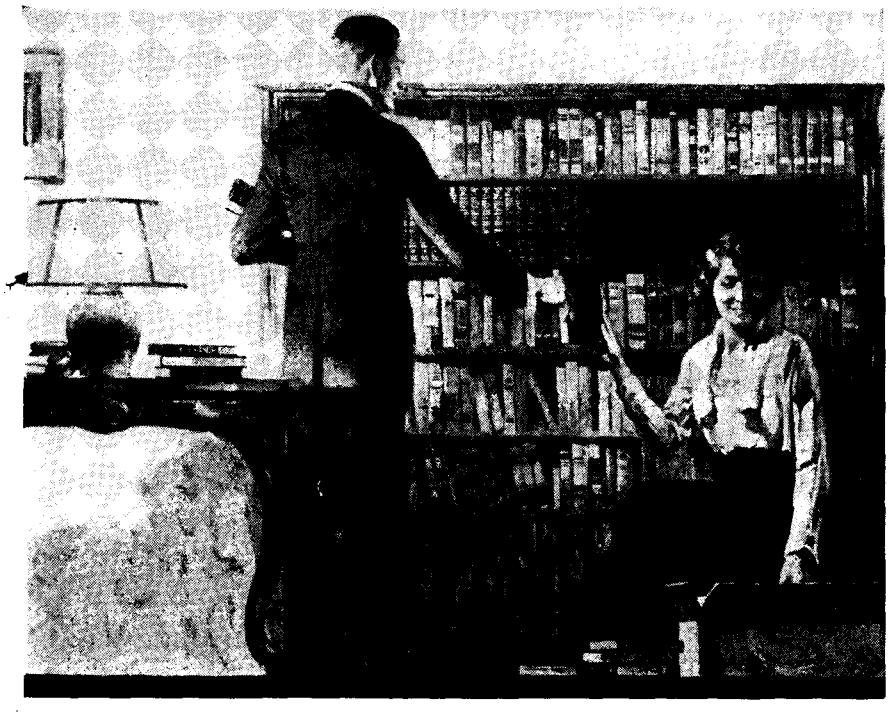
"To him," said Carnegie, "I owe a taste for literature which I would not exchange for all the millions ever amassed by man. Life would be quite intolerable without it."

What Colonel Anderson did for Carnegie, Dr. Eliot has done for busy people everywhere.

### Why some people are always welcome

MANNERS alone are not the key to social success. Good manners are always an asset; but good manners alone will open no doors and lead to no delightful friendships. A well-behaved bore has no chance to keep step in the swift march of American social and business life. The time has passed when the untutored man can reach the heights of success. This is the day of the well-read man.

The really popular man is the man who has learned to interest other people. He may not have read widely but well; he may have traveled little but he knows about other countries than his own. He knows something of history and biography, of the works of great scientists and philosophers, poets and dramatists.



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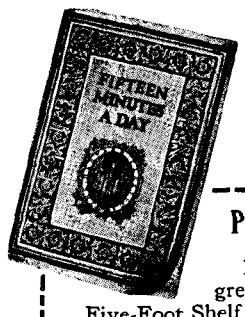


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# LOW-DOWNS ON THE HIGH-UPS

*By* THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

NINETEEN TWENTY-EIGHT is going to be Ex-Secretary William G. McAdoo's turn to punish the Democratic leaders who beat him for the Presidential nomination in 1920 and again in 1924. He is organizing his revenge now more than a year and a half before the next Democratic National Convention will be held, organizing the rural fundamentalists, the Drys, and his old supporters of the Ku Klux Klan.

One has to go back to days before the Civil War and the old fight between the slavery and anti-slavery men to find any such alignment as will face the presiding officer when the next Democratic National Convention assembles.

And I wonder if even in those days there was any such unrelenting factional leader as William G. McAdoo. If the Democratic party splits in 1928, it will be William G. McAdoo who will split it.

The personality of Mr. McAdoo produces a curious emotion in men's breasts. As the 1920 convention wore on through ballot after ballot in the blazing heat of July and Mr. McAdoo grimly hung to his delegates, blocking the nomination of anyone else although plainly unable to nominate himself, mere observers, who cared little who was nominated so long as some nomination was made, found themselves in such a rage at the author of the deadlock that they only referred to him by names which cannot be printed in these chaste columns.

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*William G. McAdoo, "the lean and hungry Cassius"*

## Hotspur of Hate

THERE is something inhuman about the way he fights. It seems monstrous that a man should so cling to his purpose and so hate those who oppose him.

"Venomous," "vindictive," "rule or ruin," were the words heard among Democrats when the announcement was made by Ex-Secretary Meredith a short time ago that Mr. McAdoo was to be for a third time a candidate before the Democratic National Convention.

No man arouses so much hate as Mr. McAdoo. No man hates as he hates, so unforgettingly. He never forgives one who has thwarted him. He is out this time to pay off the old scores of 1920 and 1924. And it is not going to be a pleasant party; 1924 was a pink tea in comparison.

He is the lean and hungry Cassius of the Democratic party, really lean, with the figure of a youth in spite of his sixty-odd years. A big sharp nose dominates his hatchet face. His lips are thin and tight. He has the awkwardness of the fighter, none of the graces of the man who persuades other men to his will.

His gesture when he speaks is a circular swing of his right arm, like that of a driver cracking his whip. As he reaches a climax he rises upon his toes and then bangs back upon his heels, always the rising forward on the toes, always the banging back upon the heels with an air of angry immobility.

All his life he has been rising on his toes and banging back angrily on his heels. His forward-thrusting imagination lifts him upon his toes. His defeats bring him angrily back to his heels. All his life he has been defeated. His imagination, his initiative, his courage, his unyielding force, have never brought him the objects of his ambition.

He first banged upon his heels in the South, where his first venture as a promoter failed. He went to Wall Street, and the big houses there would have none of his visions.

He financed his Hudson Tunnel, only to find that it did not make him rich. Thus he went banging back on his heels again.

From promoting he went to politics, only to be denied the Presidency, to go banging back upon his heels at San Francisco and again at New York.

He has more blood feuds in his heart than anyone has ever brought into a national convention. He hates Tammany because Tammany ignored him as a rising young Southron in New York.

He hates Wall Street because Wall Street defeated his ambition to be a great financier.

He hates the forces behind Al Smith because they have twice denied him a nomination for the Presidency.

He never takes a defeat cheerfully. He never forgives and forgets. It would be as much as their political lives are worth for at least one third of the Democratic leaders to let him exercise the power of the Presidency. So they won't let him be nominated, and they would knife him if he were to win the nomination over their organized resistance.

But he can hardly expect to be nominated. Even a man who believes in himself so fiercely as he does can hardly have failed to see the lesson in 1920 and 1924.

He is out to defeat the men who have twice defeated him. And I should say that the McAdoo who deadlocked the last Democratic National Convention for more than one hundred ballots would be an amiable compromiser compared to the McAdoo who would lead his battalion of death into the next Democratic convention.

And that battalion of death will stay with McAdoo until the last ditch. To his followers he is more than a leader who champions the causes they would like to see triumph. He is St. George mending his armor and sharpening his sword to make the holy fight against a dragon which belches fire and smoke and lives in New York.

The battalion of death hates and fears that dragon more than any other thing in the political cosmos and St. George will go to any extremity in order to insure its destruction.

Last time McAdoo hoped to be nominated, and when one hopes to run oneself one must consider the consequences of engendering too much hatred. Mr. McAdoo will suffer from no such disability this time. Even now it is apparent that someone else will have to do the running after he gets through with his revenge.

# The Unfairway

*Continued from page 23*

*Thursday July 1, 1926.*

i kaddied 2 times. i am getting to be a better kaddy. i got tipped both times.

*Friday July 2, 1926.*

i kaddied 3 times today and i am very tired. In the afternoon i kaddied for mister Duffy again. He sed he had took sum lessons from the pro and was much better altho he hadent broke a 100 yet. He still looked sad and so i sed

"i guess you havent seen eny very good jokes yet."

He looked puzzled a minut and then he smiled the 1st time since i 1st saw him and sed "no i forgot to bring a mirror with me."

It looked like he wasent ever going to tell me what was eating him but on the 10th he sliced 3 balls out of bounds 1 after another. As the 3rd 1 dropped into a clump of trees and thorns and thistles and weeds and poison ivy he muttered

"o how i hate this dam game."

"Why do you keep on playing it if you dont like it?" i ast.

"ive got to" he sed "i have to becum a good golfer."

i kept silent and he went on

"You see there's a girl who likes me but she says she couldent respect a man who couldent beet her at golf. she was runner up for the womens state championship last year. She knows how i hate the game but she told me when you can beet me i may take you more seriously. You surely cant love me if you wont go to that much truble. And hear i am faced with a summer of golf when the very mention of it makes my mouth taste bad. And the worst part of it is i probably never will becum good enuff to beet her."

mister Duffies girl must shure be a nock out for him to go to all that truble for her but i shure hope he gets her because sumhow i sort of like mister Duffy.

*Sunday July 4, 1926.*

i dident write enything yesterday because i had a bad cold. i caught cold because i got soaking wet saturday morning. i had gone up erly to the club with Pug and 2 ole guys was hollering for kaddies and there wasent eny until we got there. So me and Pug kaddied for them. It was the 1st time we had kaddied together since my 1st day. He was surprised that i had becum such a fine kaddy.

We had just finished the 2nd hole when a big storm cum up and Pugs ole guy sed he guessed he would go back to the club house since if he got wet he would get roomattic and my ole guy sed he would keep on playing since he dident think water ever did eny 1 eny harm. So Pug and his ole guy went back and we kept on playing. We had got to the 4th hole when it started to rain cats and dogs. Well my ole guy reached down in his bag and brung out a pear of big rubber boots and a rain coat what cum down to his ankles and a hat like a firemans and a umbrella.

The rain kept on coming down stedy until we got to the 16th hole and then it stopped and the sun cum out. i was soaking wet and my feet squooshed when i walked. My ole guy took his rain clothes off and he was as dry as when he started. Every time he went to make a shot on the last 2 holes he would say "i wish you wouldent squoosh like that" or "cant you stop squooshing?"

i saw mister Duffy driving off the 1st tea when i cum in and he looked sadder than ever.

*Thursday September 2, 1926.*

I have not writ enything since the begining of july. the last day i writ enything was the 4th of july. the next day was the 5th of july which was the 4th this time, 1 of the best holydays of the year. Me and Pug got up at dawn so we could do a little sellebrating before we should have to kaddy. We set off a lot of little 1s and then i lit a big 6 inch giant sulute canon cracker and i was just going to throw it away when it went off by itself. That was the last thing that i was shure of for the next 10 minuts.

Pug took me to the doctors and he looked at me and sed "well well the first cusstumer of this marvelus day." he bandaged my hand up and sed i should cum to see him 2 times weekly. it was almost the end of july before he sed my hand was well again. by that time i had forgot my cronic and it was not till yesterday that i found it, i was hunting in my desk for a ole foot ball bladder. i dident find the bladder but i found my dairy.

Nothing much has happened since i writ in it last. i am a xcellent kaddy now and almost never get tipped less than 2 bits. mister Duffy practises every day and he plays a lot better altho i guess he aint as good as miss Harryson yet which is his girl. He still hates golf but he doesent get sore much enymore. The last time i kaddied for him he shot a 91. ive never kaddied for miss Harryson because she doesent play on these lynx much but i here she shoots around 85. It looks like mister Duffy is going to have a hard time beating her but i sure hope he does.

*Friday September 3, 1926.*

i kaddied for mister Duffy this morning. He told me that tomorrow is to be the big day.

i am very afraid that unless sum unfourscene event happens miss Harryson will beat mister Duffy which would be a shame. This evening i herd Ma reed Pop a peace out of the paper about 2 fellers what had played a hand of poker to see which 1 of them got the hand of a girl that they both loved and when they let each other look at their hands they found that there was sum dirty work going on because they both had 4 aces and they both sed that the other had cheated. and then Ma sed "now aint them kind of goings on disgraceful" and Pop sed "what of it? dont you remember the maximum all's fare in love and war?"

That give me a idea about how i mite help mister Duffy. i will not tell him because i don't think he would approve of it but i will go rite ahed and carry it out. i certainly hope it works.

*Saturday September 4, 1926.*

At eggzactly 2 oclock mister Duffy and miss Harryson cum up to the 1st tea. i had seen her before but never so close up. i couldent blame mister Duffy for liking her.

"is that funny little thing going to kaddy for both of us?" she ast "he will never do."

Rite away my opinion of her changed.

"Woodrow is a very good kaddy" sed mister Duffy. "ive had him before and hes xcellent. enyway he is the only 1 they have got left."

"i guess we are the 1s that have got left" she sed but there wasent much she could do about it so we started off me kaddying for both of them. mister Duffy was on the top of his game and he managed to arrive at the 10th tee all squair. But this was not so much because he was playing well as because miss Harryson was not playing as well as she should or as she thought she should.

mister Duffy was in grate spirits and talked and joked every minut until miss Harryson ast him "havent you herd its bad etacat to talk all the time when sum 1 is playing golf?" he shut up after that but what she sed must of made him take his mind off the game because he lost the 10th and 11th holes and was 2 down.

I hadent intended to use my idea unless i had to but things begun to look so bad for mister Duffy that i decided i would have to but he got a swell

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drive on the 12th and miss Harryson sliced 2 out of bounds trying to show him up. So he won that hole and was only 1 down. This cheered him up a little but it only made miss Harryson madder than ever. They ½ed the next 3 holes so he cum to the 17th hole still 1 down.

They both had long drives only a cross wind had sprang up and it took both of them into the ruff on the left side of the fareway. As we left the tea to find the balls i sed to myself "the time has came for axshun" i then repeated fathers maximum alls fare in love and war several times. miss Harryson then ast me "wear did the balls go?" Players never watch there balls when they dont stay on the fareway but xpect that there kaddy should be able to find them with there eyes shut.

"There both purty near to gether" i sed "i marked them by that big apple tree over there."

At this point i was forced to repeat Pops maximum again because what i had told miss Harryson was not true. i had marked the balls by a tree which was almost 40 yards further away from the hole. i let them get ahed of me and then i walked to wear i knew the balls was. Shure enuff there they was about 10 yards a part. mister Duffy and miss Harryson had almost got to wear i had told them the balls was and so i had to work quick. i picked miss Harrysons ball up and put it in my pocket meanwhile repeating Pops maximum to keep my conshunce unconshus. Then i took mister Duffies ball out of a little hole in the ground wear it was and put it on top of a little mound of erth like a tea. Then i went quick up to wear they was hunting. after hunting several minuts i all of a sudden noticed that we was hunting in front of the rong apple tree. mister Duffy dident say enything but miss Harryson looked like she wanted to tea me up and drive me out of bounds. Shure enuff when we got in front of the apple tree which i had all of a sudden remembered was the rite 1 there was mister Duffies ball sitting up on a lump of erth but we couldnt find miss Harrysons.

She was as mad as a swarm of hornets and sed "its this rotten little kaddy's fault that i lost that ball." You see when a player looses a ball he must drop another 1 about wear the other 1 was lost. The proper way to drop 1 is over your shoulder so that you can't pick out wear it will land. well miss Harryson took the ball i give her with a snatch and a skowl and then she turned around so she could drop it over her shoulder.

It landed rite at my feet and i stepped on it quick as litening and then i took 2 steps away so that it wouldent look suspishus. Miss Harryson snatched a brassy out of her bag which i thought was no club to get out of that lie with but i dident know miss Harryson. She took her brassy and shoved the ball rite out of the little hole wear it had been stepped on by me and then she hit it with all her mite and it sailed rite up to the green.

mister Duffy hadent bin looking but enyway he took a brassy and swatted his ball onto the green from the little tea wear i had put it. they both took 2 putts but mister Duffy won the hole because miss Harryson had lost a ball and that counts a stroke. That left them all squair with 1 hole to play which is the 18th.

Duffy had won the 17th hole so he had the honor. His drive landed on the green but it had bin hit so hard and so low that it dident even stop for breth but scooted over the green and into a regular forest of bushes and vines and weeds that grows on the far side of the green.

mister Duffies ball hadent hit the green before miss Harryson drove hers. it was a swell shot that climbed rite up in the air and then dropped 10 feet from the hole and rolled rite towards it. 1 time i herd Pop say that he always had his britest ideas at the darkest moments and this was just what happened to me. It looked like mister Duffies goose was cooked but a very brite idea cum to me in this dark moment. i jumped up and waved my arms and shouted "you got a hole in 1. a hole in 1. a hole in 1." Well they left that tea like they was shot out of a gun and started on a run for the green. i hadent counted on that so i had to work fast.

Mister Duffy had bin using a Red Raven golf ball and for a minut i was afraid there wasent eny more Ravens in his bag. but way down in the bottom i found 1 that looked just like the 1 he had bin using. i had just dropped it into the hole when mister Duffy and miss Harryson rushed up to the hole. Miss Harryson was looking turibly pleased and mister Duffy was congratulating her. she was saying "i just cant beleave i made a hole in 1. i cant. i cant." he walked up to the hole and took the ball out and when he looked at it a queer look cum on his face and he ast her

"What kind of a ball were you using"

"Why a Pink Pimple i think."

"Well this is a Red Raven" he sed.

i saw what was rong then and i sed

"You never made a hole in 1. mister Duffy made the hole in 1. and whats more he beat you."

Well miss Harryson couldent beleave it at first but mister Duffy sed it must be so. she dident get mad like i thout she would but sed

"o Jack its too wonderful. im glad that you got the hole in 1 instead of me because it means that you have made good."

Well mister Duffies face lit up like a candle but he wasent looking at miss Harryson. Insted he was looking at a bunch of ole guys who must of herd me yelling about the hole in 1 and who was rushing down from the club house to see for themselves. When they found out that mister Duffy had really made a hole in 1 they nearly nocked him over they was so ankshus to shake his hand and pat him on the back and then sum ole guy brung out a camera and took a couple of pictures of him standing by the hole with the ball which had made the hole in 1 in his hand and me beside him with his clubs. After that they took him up to the club house to sellebrate. As they took him up i could here him telling them how he had made the hole in 1.

I certenly am glad he beat miss Harryson but i was sorry that he hadent crushed her to his busum like they do in the movies. Still i guess he will do that when there isent so many people around.

*Sunday September 5, 1926.*

I went to sunday school and church to day. i wonder when mister Duffy and miss Harryson will be married. Monday will be the last day that i caddy since school opens tuesday for 9 long months but it isent the school that I mind so much. It's the principal of the thing.

*Wednesday September 8, 1926.*

My last day of vacashun was sum day. i kaddied for mister Duffy today. It was quite a sirprise because i naturally thought that he would be with miss Harryson but insted he was playing all alone. The first thing he sed to me was

"you know i think i can shoot about 80 purty reguler if i just spend a little more time improving my game. i haven't bin practising enuff lately."

"i thought you hated golf?" i ast.

"Never" he sed "but ill admit i like it more than when i started. That hole in 1 saturday showed me what i can do."

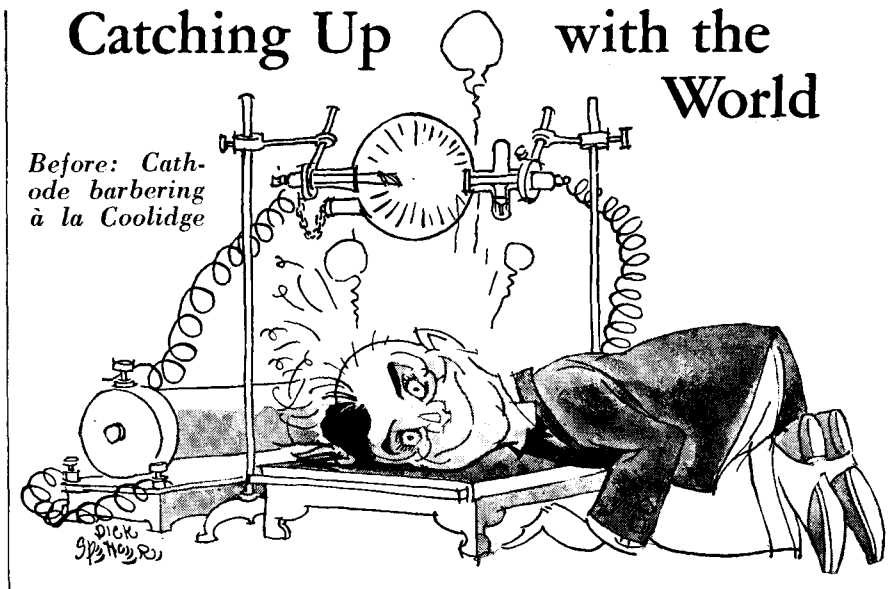
"But what about miss Harryson?" i ast "When are you and her going to be married?"

"Never" he replied. "i could never marry a girl with such a temper or with so little conshence. i happened to turn at the 17th hole and saw her push her ball out of its bad lie. Enyway she is not a very good golf player."

i hadent xpected mister Duffy to say that but the real sirprise was when i got home for supper. Pop showed me the evening paper and rite in the middle of the 1st page was the picture of mister Duffy and me which the ole guy had taken which i guess he had sent in to the paper. Over the top it sed Local Boy Makes Hole in 1. and below it sed Mr. John H. Duffy holding the ball with which he made the hole in 1 and his caddy.

Now i am famous.

# Catching Up with the World



*Before: Cathode barbering à la Coolidge*

## *By* EDWIN E. SLOSSON

*Director Science Service*

IN THE darkened laboratory of the General Electric at Schenectady I held in my hand what looked like a red-hot lump of anthracite. It glowed like coal picked out by tongs from the midst of a furnace fire. Yet it was only a stone and stone-cold. A common crystal of calcite, but illumined from within by a heatless light.

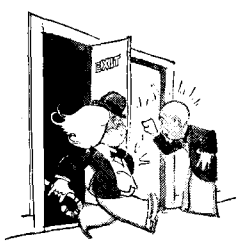
Its cold incandescence was due to the fact that it had been set for a minute in front of the nickel-plate window through which streamed a cathode ray from the new form of vacuum tube devised by Dr. W. D. Coolidge.

It is funny to look back fifty years to the time when glass bulbs, from which air had been exhausted as completely as possible, were named "vacuum tubes": it was supposed that they contained nothing, or next to nothing.

Now we know that they are centers of intensest activity; that removing the air pressure has released the unknown powers concealed within the atom. Out of this "vacuum" has come the X-ray and the radio, the incandescent lamp and the letters that shine in soft radiance in the shop-windows; and now Coolidge's nickel window gives us a glimpse of greater wonders yet to come.

### Electrons Let Loose

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES was laughed at in 1879 because he insisted that his tubes contained matter in "a fourth state," not solid, liquid or gaseous. But now we know that the gentle green glow, that fluttered in front of the cathode pole like the streamers of the aurora borealis, was indeed a "fourth state of matter": it consists of fragments of atoms, something inconceivable to the nineteenth-century mind, which regarded atoms as unbreakable.




*After: White, thick and long*

Lenard in 1894 found a way of letting the cathode rays out of the tube by inserting a little aluminum window in the glass. And lastly Coolidge has put in a pane of sheet nickel with a diameter of three inches and thickness of two thousandths of an inch.

Through this streams the invisible ray, consisting of the minutest particles in existence, atoms of negative electricity, of which it would require 1,845 to weigh as much as the smallest atom, hydrogen. But little as these electrons are they strike with tremendous momentum, for they are propelled by a pressure of 350,000 volts and attain a speed of 150,000 miles a second.

As they strike the atoms of the air outside the metal window they fill it with a purple glow, and the pungent odor of ozone is smelled, due to the smashing of oxygen molecules and their reformation as triplets instead of doublets.

When the cathode rays strike crystals and other minerals, such as diamonds, quartz, rock salt, etc., they excite luminescence or phosphorescence lasting several minutes and cause in some cases permanent change of color.

Such effects were observed by Crookes and his contemporaries, but the new apparatus gives a chance to study these strange transformations on large quantities and perhaps apply them on a commercial scale. Acetylene gas and castor oil are converted into unknown solids. This points the way to a new chemistry in which a jet of electrons is the active agent.

It opens an even wider prospect in the direction of experimental biology. Röntgen found in 1896 that from the point where the cathode ray strikes a new kind of ray originates, which he called the X-ray. These promptly proved to be valuable for revealing concealed skeletons, but they were later discovered to be dangerous to the inclosing flesh on prolonged exposure. Many of the pioneers in X-ray research died from incurable ulcers.

The rash young American experimenter who first tried to take a photograph of his skull by holding his head for a long time under an X-ray tube was surprised to discover some time after that his hair fell out and came in white!

Lucky for him that he had one of the weak, primitive X-ray apparatuses and not a Coolidge tube. Exposing a spot of a rabbit's ear for a second to the released cathode ray caused the hair to come out, and a few weeks later it came in thicker and longer and white. Bald-headed men may soon have the chance to decide whether they would prefer a thick crop of long white hair.

Radium, which has been found so serviceable in surgery, gives off electrons like the cathode rays and also waves of high frequency like the X-rays.

A Coolidge cathode tube gives off as many electrons as a ton of radium, and may prove even more potent in its effects upon vital processes.

### Does a Fish Swallow?

MANY fishes do not really seem to swallow at all. Anyone who has watched an aquarium has noticed how a fish swims at a piece of food, quickly opens his mouth and then closes it once the titbit is inside, and that is all. There is an impression of the food being a fixed point in a space over which the fish slips like a tube.

C. M. Breeder, Jr., from observations at the New York Aquarium, says that in many species the food is carried down the gullet by the current of water which rushes inward when the mouth is suddenly opened. The food or prey, as the case may be, is prevented from emerging both by the backward trend of the water going out the gills and by the descending teeth.

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# THE HEART of ALIX

*Continued from page 28*

"I know nothing about it. I never saw the thing before in my life. . . ."

"Would you mind explaining that remark, Captain Dene?" the inspector's deep tones interrupted.

"I have nothing more to say!" Dene returned.

The detective raised a hand to silence Vrogue, who was fuming and throwing himself about on the settee.

"Come, come, Captain Dene," he remarked severely, "this sort of thing will do you no good. I think you'd better leave Mr. Vrogue out of it and try and realize your own position. I may as well tell you that I know the precise hour at which the murder was committed. Stanismore's wrist watch has been picked up near the scene of the crime. The glass was smashed and the strap broken, apparently by the blow that killed him. But the hands are intact, and they point to 11:39—twenty-one minutes to midnight. If you are innocent, why did you pretend to me that you never left your bedroom on Friday night? I don't have to remind you that you would have had sufficient time to dispose of the body and return to the house by midnight, at which hour you were seen by Miss Dalgleish. . . ."

"I tell you again," said Dene tensely, "I did not kill Stanismore. . . ."

"Very good, sir. You leave me no option. I'm going to arrest you on a warrant I hold for the willful murder of Basil Stanismore. You are free to make a statement, but I must warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence against you at your trial." He snapped his fingers behind him. "All right, Mallow. . . ."

HIS assistant shuffled forward, clutching his battered straw hat under one arm. With his free hand he fumbled at something that clinked in his jacket pocket. He went up to Dene and pointed with a significant gesture at the young man's wrists. Then an anguished voice cried: "Stop!"

Alix Barleston stepped between Dene and the plain-clothes man.

"Well?" he exclaimed impatiently. His tone was bluntly hostile.

Dene sprang forward.

"Alix. . . !" he cried warningly.

The inspector rounded on him as though he were going to leap at his throat.

"That'll do!" he snapped. "If Mrs. Barleston has anything to tell us, she can say it without any prompting from you!" With extreme deliberation he shifted his baleful glare to the woman's ghastly face. "Well?" he barked. "I'm waiting. What is it?"

She seemed to take a deep breath.

"I can tell you what Captain Dene would never have told you himself," she said in a low voice. "If he deceived you, it was through loyalty to me. From half past eleven until after midnight on Friday Captain Dene was with me in my bedroom. He was leaving my room when my sister saw him in the corridor. I—I didn't want my sister's story to come out because I feared the consequences to Captain Dene. I knew that he wouldn't be able to say where he'd been. If I'd known that the murder took place after half past eleven, I would have spoken before. At thirty-nine minutes past eleven, the hour at which you say Mr. Stanismore was killed, Captain Dene was with me and had been for nearly ten minutes. . . ."

"Ah!" The detective's bass shattered the glacial hush upon which her halting confession had fallen. "And did you and Captain Dene come back from the tower together?"

"No, no," she cried. "Captain Dene was never in the tower!"

"Then who was it?"

She glanced desperately about her.

"Come on, ma'am," said Manderton impatiently. "I know there was someone there. The marks are behind the screen to prove it. Who was it?"

"It was my husband," she whispered.

"Ah!" Mr. Manderton's exclamation was like a sigh of satisfaction. "And what became of the major while you and Captain Dene were together?"

Eyes haggard, lips trembling, with hands that fluttered in supplication, she paused while her gaze roved round the circle of awestruck faces, as though she sought there succor in her distress.

"He—he was in his room!"

"In your bedroom . . . with you and Captain Dene?" asked the detective incredulously, with deadly emphasis on every word—asked and waited.

She began to stammer: "I don't mean that . . . I . . . he . . ."

Mr. Manderton bounded forward and caught her by the wrist.

"No!" he said tensely. "This time we'll stick to the truth, Mrs. Barleston! If I can't get it from you, then I'll get it from your husband!"

His glance swooped round the room.

"Where's the major?" he demanded explosively.

"Wait!" said Alix suddenly. Mr. Manderton paused, expectant. Imploringly she lifted her dark eyes to the detective's angry face. "He will tell you what I cannot," she went on, "if you'll let me reason with him. Only let me speak to him first, and I believe I can promise you that you shall hear the truth!"

Mr. Manderton snorted.

"D'you take me for a fool?" he demanded indignantly. "I've had all the cooked-up stories I want, ma'am. I'm going to hear the truth all right, I can promise you that. But I'll get it out of your husband for myself."

But now Dene intervened. "One moment, Inspector," he said, and drew him apart. "Before you do anything further, let me speak to you alone." Mr. Manderton looked at him curiously, then turned, opened the door and led Dene into the empty drawing-room.

"Don't you realize," said Dene, as soon as the door had closed behind them —"don't you realize that Major Barleston holds the key to the mystery? What's the use of bullying Mrs. Barleston? You can't use her evidence against her husband; I needn't tell you that. If you antagonize her, she's only got to advise Major Barleston to sit tight and deny everything and then where will you be? Let her go and talk to him, Inspector. You know as well as I do that anything she's done or said has been to cover him. If anybody can make him speak, it's she, not you!"

Mr. Manderton seemed to ponder this advice, for he was silent for a moment. Then, with a rapid gesture, he opened the door.

"Mrs. Barleston," he called into the room. She came out to him at once and stood expectant before him, her eyes cast down. "I'll give you one more chance," he said dourly. "You can go and talk to your husband now, but it'll be best for the pair of you if you can make him understand that the jig's up. Don't be too long about it; I'll wait for you both here. . . ."

She bowed her head, and they heard the light tap of her heels on the gleaming parquet as she vanished into the hall.

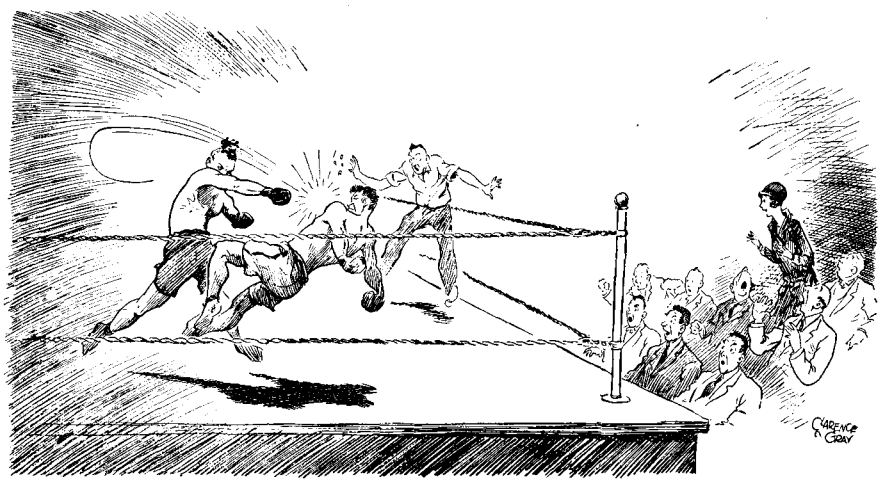
THEN Mr. Manderton, putting his hand behind him, gently closed the door and faced Dene. To the latter's astonishment, the detective's eyes, which had so lately smoldered with wrath, now beamed amiably upon him.

"No ill feeling, sir, I hope?" observed the inspector with a smile. "I had to frighten the pair of you or I'd never have got at the truth. . . ."

"Then I'm not under arrest?" said Dene with a puzzled air.

Mr. Manderton stooped to his ear.

"Pure bluff!" he whispered. "I've got a warrant," he added in his natural voice, "but not for you." His eyes narrowed. "Now that we're alone for a minute," he added confidentially, "suppose you tell me just what you meant by that remark of yours about Mr. Vrogue?"



*Fight Fan's Wife: "Oh, wasn't that cute?"*

"Vrogue planted that tap on Barleston—"

"Ah!" remarked the detective. "Now, that's very interesting!"

". . . Yesterday afternoon, it was. I was in my room with the door open, when in the mirror I had a glimpse of Vrogue, who has the room opposite mine, sidling along the corridor with something bulging under his coat. I watched him creep into Mrs. Barleston's bedroom. I followed him to the door and saw him at the cupboard in the dressing-room. I waited until he'd gone downstairs, and then I investigated. In the cupboard, stuffed away behind an old kit bag, was this cap.

"The next thing I knew was that you had discovered it in the pocket of my oilskin. . . ."

The detective nodded sagely.

"The major's hand, of course," he commented. He threw Dene a questioning look. "While we're waiting for Major Barleston," he added, "I think I'll have a word with Mr. Vrogue about this." As he spoke he opened the door. "Mr. Vrogue!" he called. "Hullo!" he exclaimed, peering about the room, "what's become of Mr. Vrogue?"

Sir Harry, who was talking in undertones with Lady Fubsy, looked up and glanced around.

"He was here a moment ago," he said, coming forward. "He may have stepped into the gardens for a minute." He passed through the French windows, and they heard him on the veranda calling for Vrogue.

"He's not in the gardens," reported Sir Harry, "and I had a look in the library; he's not there either."

"Well, where is he?" the inspector snapped. "He must be somewhere around."

"He may have gone up to his bedroom and forgotten all about us," Lady Fubsy put in. "You know how frightfully absent-minded he is, Harry."

"That's true," her husband agreed. "I'll go and see."

He went away through the drawing-room. Mr. Manderton began to fidget. In a minute the old gentleman came back.

"He's not in his room," he announced, "or in the study, or anywhere. I think he must have gone down to the Wilderness or the beach. . . ."

"Smith!" The plain-clothes man jumped to the inspector's sharp summons. "Have a look in the grounds. You'll find Mallow on the sea door. Ask him if he's seen anything of the gentleman. Don't waste time. If the party's nowhere about, come back here at once. at the double. . . . Understand?"

"Sir!" Smith touched his hat and darted away. Dene was looking curiously at the detective, who was frowning heavily at his boots.

"Inspector," said the young man at length, "have you found the weapon with which the murder was committed?"

Mr. Manderton gave him a sour stare.

"Not yet," he answered morosely.

"Then," Dene went on, "when Mr. Vrogue comes, why don't you ask him what's become of Sir Harry's blackthorn stick?

"I usually carry it when I'm down here, but last Thursday—that's to say, the day before the murder—I couldn't find it when I went to look for it in the hall stand. Later in the day I saw Mr. Vrogue with it, and it's not been there since. . . ."

"Tchah!" cried the detective. "Why didn't you mention this to me before?"

"It never occurred to me to do so. I don't suppose I'd have given the matter another thought but that yesterday Cantle informed Mrs. Barleston that the stick had disappeared. When Mrs. Barleston told me about it, I remembered the incident at once. Coming on top of the affair of the cap. . . ." He paused and added thoughtfully, "It's a regular cudgel, a murderous-looking—"

He broke off as Smith panted in on them.

"He ain't in the grounds, sir," he announced breathlessly, "and Mallow ain't set eyes on 'im, neither. . . ."

"Damnation!" roared Mr. Manderton with such unexpected and explosive ferocity that his aide reeled backward. "What the devil is all this monkey business? He's got to be found, I tell you!" He dashed into the morning room, "What's the meaning of this, sir?" he shouted at Sir Harry. "Where's Mr. Vrogue got to? Smith!" he trumpeted over his shoulder, "warn that uniform man on the drive that no one's to leave the house without my orders, and tell Mallow the same."

SUDDENLY his eye fell upon the enthralled, flushed and excited face of Gerry Leese. "Lord!" he exclaimed, smiting his brow, "the motor boat! I'd clean forgotten her. What's to prevent the fellow from shinning over the wall and getting down to the dinghy? You left it on the beach, didn't you? Smith!" he roared. But the plain-clothes man had rushed off on his errand.

"Don't worry," said Gerry with his easy drawl. "Snook's gone off to his lunch and won't be back till two. Without Snook that motor boat's as much use as a fan to an Eskimo to anyone in this house, barring me and Miss Dalgleish, who's one great little navigator. Vrogue can't even start her, Chief, let alone navigate her. . . ."

"Humph!" grunted Manderton. "There's something in that. But what the devil's become of the fellow, that's what I want to know?"

As if in answer to his question a loud report resounded from the gardens outside.

It was followed by a woman's piercing scream.

(*To be continued next week*)

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# THEY CALL IT LOVE

*Continued from page 25*

shouldered the most of that burden, she couldn't complain of Lona as a reluctant collaborator.

Badinage that had been, to begin with, no more than daring had grown broad enough by the time Manquist was inspired to suggest a move on to a roadhouse owned by a conscientious bootlegger of his acquaintance. To this Don amiably objected that he had promised to see that Fay got home "before all hours" because she had a rendezvous with a time clock to keep in the morning. Only Fay, he went on to protest under fire, could release him from that pledge, and Fay demurely wouldn't. No girl, she said, who liked to be seen with Lona could afford to scant her beauty sleep. So the party broke up with cordial recriminations, and Don, having seen the others off in Lander's car, called for his own.

"You didn't want to tear on with that lot, I hope."

"No, dear, not a bit; I've been wanting an excuse for hours to get away and be alone with you."

The car dropped the lights of Arrowhead, and she subsided luxuriously into his arms . . . for the last time!

THE voice of her mother rent the flimsy fabric of that sad dream she had been redreaming.

"For pity's sake, child! Don't look so tragic. Love wouldn't be love if lovers never fell out. And you haven't told me yet what it was about."

How much had she told her mother? Everything? How much held back, if anything?

Not that it mattered, not that anything could matter now when everything that had ever mattered was no more. . . .

". . . *an amusing young flirtation, and now it's all over.* . . ."

Words like a douche of ice water to one still warm with the warmth of his arms. . . .

Her senses remembered Don's arms, and the memory annihilated all consciousness of time and place: she was again in that loved embrace, resting there in dim contentment, not half recovered yet from the first kisses they had taken after so long an abstinence enforced, thinking, in so far as she was able to think at all, how delicious it was to be alone at last with her beloved, whisked up in that enchanted car and away, far away from the material world that was, if it only knew it, so absurdly immaterial!

"You witch! You make me ashamed of myself, Fay—I feel like a criminal!"

She was sitting up and back the better to see him when her low voice of laughter replied: "What *are* you talking about, Don? Ashamed of yourself! A criminal!"

His smile flashed in the shine of a passing light.

She had as yet no misgiving so great as a grain of mustard seed.

"For letting you talk me into this party to-night, letting myself think for an instant it was fair or right to make sure of you by such a test."

"Make sure of me, Don!"

"That you were as genuine, as fine and true as I believed—as I swear I never doubted you were, my dearest."

She shrank back into her corner, faintly chilled by a question that still was featureless.

"I haven't the least idea what you're talking about."

"I'm talking about something we may as well have out now and have done with, this infatuation of yours for Lona."

"But, dearest—"

"Sticking to your friends is all very fine and all that, and sticking up for them through thick and thin is splendid too. But first of all you want to be sure they are your friends."

"But surely you haven't any excuse for suggesting that Lona—"

"I'm not suggesting, dear; I'm telling you: Lona isn't anybody's friend but Lona's. She's one of those, their name is legion, whose one real passion is for getting, who haven't any use for anybody who doesn't give them something for nothing."

"That's the silliest thing I ever heard of, Don, and certainly the stupidest thing you ever said." This new attack on poor Lona was not only unexpected, but it also took an unforeseen angle. "What under the sun do you think *I* give Lona?"

"Admiration. No end of it. Food for her vanity—which is insatiable. She can't get along without it. Deprive Lona of her rations of worship for three days running, and she'll start taking facials."

"I wish you wouldn't say such things about someone I'm so fond of. . . ."

"That's just why I've got to say them. I've got to make you see what you're doing to yourself before this affair goes any farther. After all, Fay, you haven't known Lona all your life, not long enough by a good sight to justify this grim determination of yours to stand shoulder to shoulder with the young woman and look the world in the eye and tell it to go plumb to hell." Fay gave a gasp more of bewilderment than of indignation, and Don purposefully pursued: "After all, you owe something to yourself—and to me. Don't you think so?"

"I won't answer that till you tell me what you mean"—the first note of insincerity that had ever sounded between them—"what you're trying so hard not to say right out about Lona."

"Mean to tell me to-night hasn't opened your eyes to the grubby truth? Or do you insist on my making it plain to you in words of one syllable?"

"But you're mistaken, Don dear; you're—"

"Oh, no; I'm not!" For the first time, Don took a tone to her that was rude with derision. "And your saying that only proves you do know what I'm driving at."

"I suppose I do," a small, cool voice assented. "I guess I ought to after the row I had with Beau about her only a week ago."

"Bully for Beau! I've been thinking that, as Lander's secretary, he ought to know pretty well what Lander's tastes are in the way of amusement and have the decency to point out to his own sister what a risk she's running."

"And what risk do *you* imagine I'm running?"

"Of getting classed with Lona, of course. Once that happens, you'll never be able to convince people they were mistaken about you."

"But you're wrong, Don—you and Beau both are so stupid about Lona. Let me explain—"

"It can't be done, dearest. Your loyalty doesn't call for any explaining, it's a part of you and a fine part, one of the many adorable qualities that make you what you are, the girl I love with all my heart, the only girl I've ever wanted to marry. And it's useless trying to explain what isn't so, that Lona's an honest woman."

"But she is, Don—truly she is—"

"WAIT a minute: I don't want you to go on defending her like this, out of a mistaken sense of loyalty, till you've heard something I've got to tell you. Duke and I happened to fall into a longish chin at home this morning, and he told me some things I'd have been glad to know sooner. I told him about you; that we were going to announce our engagement as soon as I could win Mother over; and he told me what he knew about your girl friend. He happens to know some people who know Lander. They all swear by him, but they're all wise to his weakness for young women. Lona is his latest. In one ugly word, Fay, she's his—"

"She isn't!" Fay sat up, momentarily once more the devoted instrument of the traditional Lascelles temper. This new proof of the world's injustice, of man's inhumanity to woman, was too much. . . . "I know all about Lona, she's told me everything about herself and Mr. Lander—"

"I hope not," Don injudiciously put in.

"Listen to me, please, till I finish. They're in love, but that's all—I mean not the way you mean—"

"Oh, come now!"

"They're going to be married as soon as Mr. Lander gets his freedom. And now you know the truth, the real truth." That squall passed off as sharply as it had blown up, but not without a parting buffet: "I'm sorry if you find it disappointing!"

She was sorry for that as soon as it was too late to unsay it. To concede anything at this juncture would be to own herself in the wrong altogether. And she wasn't, she passionately knew she wasn't. . . .

But Don for some time said nothing, and silence grew between them like a great gulf widening, a silence that thundered down the purr of the motor, the hiss of tires spurning frost-bound asphaltum, the raving of the gale, and made the alarm of her pulses deafening.

"I won't ask if you believe that," she heard a voice say she had never heard before—"only if you think I ought to believe *you* believe it."

"Of course I believe it!"

"I'm sorry, Fay: I don't believe you."

"That . . ." She felt as if she were being slowly suffocated. "That's another way of saying you think I'm lying—and to you!"

"I THINK," the young man slowly said, "you are much too intelligent to let yourself be imposed upon by Lona the way you ask me to believe you have been. I also think you're too intelligent so to underrate my intelligence. I think, in short, you've gone too far, Fay, in your wrong-headed determination to defend a girl whose position is indefensible."

She was strangely able to say as coolly as to a casual acquaintance: "Too far, Don?" while a knife was turning in her bosom.

"Precisely. What makes love, I mean real love, more beautiful than anything in life is the absolute honesty it demands of two people who, being normal human beings, haven't been brought up to be absolutely honest with anybody. The woman who can't or won't be honest with me doesn't love me. But I love you too dearly for all that not to tell you, Fay, nothing has ever hurt me as you did just now, when you asked me to believe what you knew was not true."

She swayed and tottered on the seat and wondered if the sinking sensation that she had to fight meant she was going to faint. She never had fainted. . . .

But immediately she righted and comprehended that it had been merely the car coming to a sudden halt. She saw through the window, but identified only with a struggle, as it might have been something remembered from another life, the familiar entrance to her home, shabby, dingy, dim with the night lights of parsimonious management.

"Well, Fay?"

Don was leaning forward to search her face with anxious eyes; expecting her, no doubt, to beg him to forgive her for letting him call her a liar!

She replied in a tone of some surprise: "Well?"

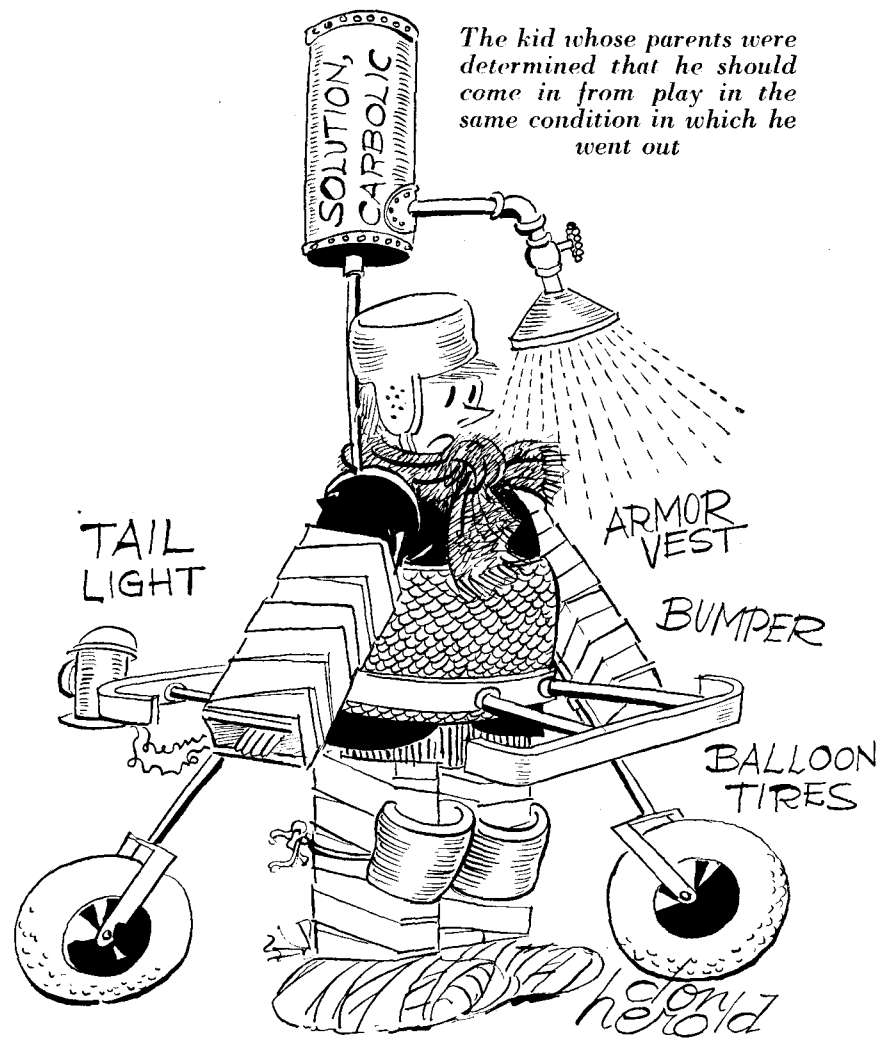
"You've nothing to say to me?"

"What is there to say, now, except 'good night'?"

"Quite so," Don gravely agreed.

(*Continued on page 44*)

*The kid whose parents were determined that he should come in from play in the same condition in which he went out*

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# *Will Rogers and Mary Garden* HELP HIS DEALERS SELL

AN INTERVIEW WITH
*Major General*
JAMES G. HARBORD

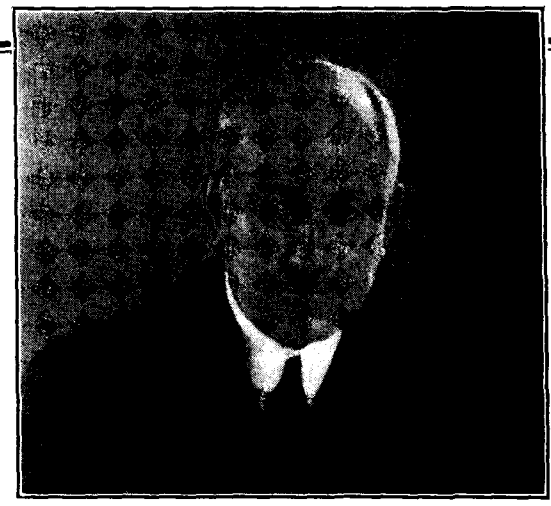

PHOTO BY BACHRACH, N. Y.

*President of the*
RADIO CORPORATION
OF AMERICA

THE other night in North America millions of homes echoed to the voice of Mary Garden, to symphonies conducted by Walter Damrosch, to the philosophy of Will Rogers and the humor of Weber and Fields. The National Broadcasting Company, Inc., associate of the Radio Corporation of America, was giving its opening program to this continent, and to the world.

This amazing development is the most recent achievement in present-day merchandising in the industrial world.

"We know," said Major General James G. Harbord, in talking to Collier's of new-day merchandising methods, "that the market for sets in the future will be determined largely by the quantity and quality of the broadcast programs."

Changing methods of merchandising radio sets have kept the radio world on tiptoe for the past five years, the life-time of broadcasting. Every year has been different from any or all the others.

We have now come to a day, for instance, when the woman of the house, investigating her men folk's mystifying interest in radio, has also become captivated.

"What was the hardest year the Radio Corporation of America ever had?"

"It was the year 1925," said General Harbord. "The trade didn't have to *sell* radio sets during that period. Dealers pulled them away from us.

## Expert Merchandising Necessary

"But the time has come when real salesmanship is required to supply the 21,000,000 homes of America not yet equipped with good, trustworthy radio sets.

"How to sell the sets, how to distribute them, how to advertise them," said General Harbord, "were all problems that we had to solve." Of course there were general principles of nation-wide merchandising which, thanks to the solution of new-day problems in this field, General Harbord and his associates were able to follow. In another age, when these new principles were unknown, it might have taken a generation to develop the radio.

## Getting Capable Dealer Organization

"We felt that we must get into closer contact with our distributors and retailers," he explained.

"We did this by announcing that the dealers who showed the best records of sales and of satisfied customers would be given the title of 'RCA Authorized Dealer'.

"This gave us the best retailers in the United States—best from the standpoint of service to the public as well as merchandising ability. Every one of these authorized dealers has a sign at his store entrance which reads 'RCA Authorized Dealer'. This sign means that our corporation is behind this merchant in that community. We guarantee Radiolas. We expect of him that he, by means of help and service to his customers, shall make our guarantee good.

"It wasn't merely the selling of our products that we desired," explained General Harbord. "It was the *right* selling that was imperative if the new business was to succeed.

## Close Cooperation with Dealers

"The result of all this selection has been that today we are able to have frequent meetings with our distributors, to discuss the problems of the business. We are also able to hold meetings in various districts with the retailers themselves. We conduct schools to show retailers how to give service to buyers; how to make radio sets work satisfactorily.

"We help him in every possible way. In our price reductions to the public which have resulted from improvements in methods of manufacture or increased public demand—we return to dealers their proportion of every cut, based on the supplies they have in hand. This preserves their margin of profit and thus enables them to render more efficient service to their respective communities. Last year we returned to our trade channels over $4,000,000 based on reductions in price."

## To Insure the Best Possible Programs

"We are more largely interested," said General Harbord, speaking of broadcasting (which is a part of the corporation's service to the public) "more selfishly interested, if you please, in the best possible broadcasting in the United States than anyone else. We want to help create a solid backbone of consistent radio performance to the public. For we know that the market for sets in the future will be determined largely by the quantity and quality of the programs."

For this reason the Radio Corporation of America has established the National Broadcasting Company, Inc., which recently paid $1,000,000 for station WEAF in New York City and which will use that station as the central point of a nation-wide tie-up for the best programs obtainable. "The Radio Corporation of America is not in any sense seeking monopoly of the air," explained General Harbord. "That would be a liability rather than an asset. It is seeking, however, to provide machinery which will insure a national distribution of national programs of the highest quality."

"Our whole merchandising object," concluded General Harbord, "has been to establish the faith of the public in radio as an institution, and in the sterling integrity of our products. I can safely say that our new, five-year-old business is out of the woods in the great open paths of stabilized industry."

*One of a series of informative interviews with American business leaders to show the public what present-day merchandising is doing to make it more convenient and economical to buy goods*

*Products of the* RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA *are advertised in*
Collier's, NEWSY, PICTORIAL, BRIEF

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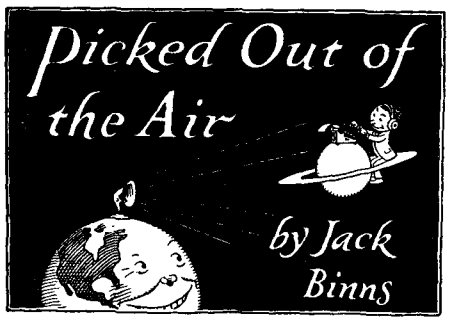


### Why Stop at All?

IN LATE October a British steamer sank off the Virginia Capes taking two thirds of her crew, including the heroic radio operator, to the uncharted seas of Eternity. They all entered Neptune's kingdom valiantly.

The following day a New York newspaper printed a letter from an irate reader, who querulously inquired "Why some sort of signal cannot be broadcast during an SOS to assure people there is an SOS."

Evidently the protesting gentleman begrudges the struggle for existence that those who go down to the sea in ships must occasionally make, or else he thinks "that some sort of signal" would cause less interference than the program.

### Boy! Page Mr. Volstead

DR. L. W. AUSTIN, of the Bureau of Standards, in summing up the results of many months of research, states that of all the factors causing interference with radio reception, the two worst causes are sun spots and temperature variations. Congress should immediately pass a law prohibiting both.

### And Wearisomeness

S'FUNNY how quick things change. Where is the DX bug who used to let out a terrible howl if an announcer forgot to mention his station call letters after each piece?

Nowadays announcers are talking about everything under the sun, except call letters, in between various selections. In fact we have a few announcers who honestly believe the rest of the program is merely there to emphasize their wit, wisdom and whims.

### A Wild Query

THE call letters of the broadcast station at the School of Mines, Rapid City, South Dakota, is WCAT. I wonder what the W stands for?

### A Great Crusader

WALTER DAMROSCH, whose forty-year leadership of the New York Symphony Orchestra places him in the front rank of American conductors, has opened the Balkite Hour over the WEAF chain with the avowed purpose of bringing the charm and inspiration of great music to the millions unable to attend orchestral concerts.

Although the first recitals of the series have been heard, I feel sure that you will be interested in learning the aims of the great conductor from his own words. He says:

"My programs will contain nothing but music of the masters, but I shall select the numbers so that in combination with a few explanatory remarks which I shall make before each composition is played by the orchestra the audience will be able to grasp its full significance and enjoy its emotional content.

"There will be two series alternating with each other. In the one I shall perform orchestral works with the New York Symphony Orchestra. In the other I shall give lecture recitals on some of the music dramas of Richard Wagner. During these latter programs I shall recite the more important scenes while playing the music at the piano, stopping occasionally to explain their meaning.

"Myself unseen, without scenery, singers, costumes or properties, I shall endeavor to create the dramatic illusion which Wagner sought to produce in his mighty music dramas."

# They Call It Love

*Continued from page 42*

"You've had an amusing young flirtation, and it's all over and nothing to pay—quite so! And so—good night!"

He turned as if to open the door and get out before her, but Fay was too quick for him; so quick, indeed, that she didn't quite know how she came to be outside the car, with the slam of its door a shock of noise in her hearing as dreadful as the Trump of Doom . . . or the sound, which she had never forgotten, of the first clods falling on her father's coffin. . . .

Fay gave a broken smile to her mother, wan and fugitive as a glance of the moon through stormrack.

"So you see," she drearily wound up, "that's ended."

"What is?"

"Why," the girl cried in quick reproach—"that chapter—"

"Oh, yes." The nod which acknowledged this elucidation was tranquil. "But it's only the first."

A forced laugh retorted: "There will never be another!" And Fay heard her mother say from far away: "You don't know that."

Between resentment of such quibbling and incompetence to confute it, she knew another instant of flurry which, passing, left her on the bed, a huddled symbol of human futility coddling a complacent cat.

"There always is another chapter," Fanny was prosing on, sleek with the conceit of elderlies distilling the bitter attar of their years—as if that hopeless resignation which middle age calls its philosophy had anything to do with the growing pains which youth calls heartbreak!

"Besides, you haven't lived a chapter yet; you've only had a lesson I hope you'll take to heart, both of you, and turn to some profit."

FAY gave an indignant start, and the cat, piqued, left her to repent at leisure the poor return she had made for kingly condescension.

"I said 'both of you,'" Fanny affirmed without flinching. "Not that I've anything to say in defense of Don's behavior, though it's no worse than one might expect of a Northerner of this day and generation; he's too high-handed entirely, to my way of thinking, even if he is in the right about Lona."

"Mother!"

"Indeed, I do mean it. And I hope this will teach you that turning like a little spitfire on everybody who has your welfare at heart isn't, after all, the way to prove a baggage is a virtuous woman. Yes, I know what Lona told you about her relations with Lander, but even if she told the truth it's nothing to her credit. A girl of her age and attractions hasn't any business making up to other women's husbands—unless, of course, she's asking more of life than merely love in marriage."

"You too!" Fay cried in new bitterness of spirit. "I never would have believed it of you, Mother, that you'd condemn any woman just because life has put her in a trying position."

"Does she find it so trying?" Fanny doubted—"I wonder! Going on what you tell me, I should say she was rather pleased with herself in particular and with life as she finds it in general. And if I were a young man I should object just as strenuously as Don does to my fiancée holding on like grim death to a friendship with a girl whose condition is, at the best, questionable. And if you want the rest of my opinion, Fay, I do think you're paying a heavy price, far more than she's worth, for your Lona."

"I could never respect myself again," Fay passionately declared, "if I turned against her just because the rest of the world did."

"It's for you to decide whether such self-respect is worth holding when it costs you the love of the man you pretend to be in love with."

"'Pretend'!"

"Well, what is one to think when you send him home with a heartache and condemn yourself to such misery rather than give up an intimacy he thinks unwise?"

"It isn't that, Mother. It isn't that I wouldn't give up Lona—there isn't anything or anybody in all the world I wouldn't give up for Don's sake. It's because he wouldn't believe I was sincere in standing up for Lona and believing in her when all he had to go on was some third-hand gossip he'd got from his brother."

"I wouldn't say that was all Don had to go on—"

"But that isn't the real point either. He said, if I could deliberately deny to him what I knew to be the truth, I couldn't be truly in love with him. And if he can doubt that, Mother—how can I forgive him? And even that isn't the worst. When he accused me of being insincere with him, it was just the same as saying I was—what he thinks Lona is, the same scheming sort of a creature, just leading him on to marry me, not because I love him but for the sake of his money. Don't you see, Mother, how impossible it makes everything?"

"I see," Fanny feebly protested, "that you're making a mountain out of a molehill—"

"Maybe I am. But when the molehill is self-respect—"

"False pride—"

"—it's bigger than a mountain. I'd crawl to Don on my knees this minute and beg him to forgive me, Mother—that's how much I love him—but he'd think I was doing it simply because he was Jethro Gerould's son and heir, and . . . and I'm a Lascelles!"

"You're an idiot," Fanny sadly corrected—"and my daughter. That's the whole trouble. You're as wrong as anyone possibly could be; and I'd be as wrong as you are in the same position. I can't help you except by making you see what a silly fool you are, and I can't do that because I sympathize with you. Women of our sort are out of our element in a society that makes a god of Mammon. I brought your father a fortune as big as his own; he was a gambler and spendthrift and left me a pauper and made me perfectly happy. But still . . ."

She ponderously rose, spilling the indignant cat, and crossed to cherish Fay on that abundant bosom.

"It will all come right, dear. I know Don loves you too well not to come to his senses and see how unfair he's been and come back to you like a beggar, with his hat in his hand, begging forgiveness."

"I shall die," Fay cried through her first sobs, "if he doesn't!"

BUT she didn't. And Don didn't. That first black day she woke to from the drugged slumber of emotional exhaustion dragged out to its black end with no word from Don. And every day that followed was like unto it, empty, idle, and overcast with dou disconsolation.

The nights were wors. . . .

## IN THIS ISSUE

CLASSICS IN SLANG
*By H. C. Witwer.*
*Compliments of the season from One-Punch McTague & Co.* . . . . . *Page 5*

"HIT 'EM A MILE"
*By Grantland Rice* . . *Page 8*

ROLLER COASTER
*A short short story by Octavus Roy Cohen* . . *Page 9*

CHRISTMAS AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE
*By H. I. Phillips.*
*An exclusive interview in which Santa Claus blows off steam* . . . . . *Page 10*

A WOMAN. *By Edward W. Bok.*
*About the "modern" woman by a man who knows her very well* . . . . . *Page 12*

DON'T WORRY, LILLY. *By William Polk.*
*Only the brave deserve the fare* . . . . *Page 13*

CLOWNING THROUGH LIFE
*By Eddie Foy and Alvin F. Harlow* . . . *Page 15*

THE ORANGE BIRD. *By Dana Burnet.*
*He helps a beautiful lady to pick the right man* . *Page 17*

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. *Pictures* . *Page 20*

THE UNFAIRWAY. *By Burford Lorimer.*
*Fame always falls on a kid who keeps a diary* . *Page 22*

THEY CALL IT LOVE. *By Louis Joseph Vance.*
*Louis Joseph Vance's novel of the young girl and the Gladway* . . . . . *Page 24*

THE HEART OF ALIX. *By Valentine Williams.*
*A thrilling mystery novel nears its climax* . . *Page 26*

TOM MASSON SAYS . . . . . *Page 30*

LOW-DOWNS ON THE HIGH-UPS
*By The Gentleman at the Keyhole* . . . *Page 38*

CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD
*By Edwin E. Slosson* . . . . . *Page 39*

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR. *By Jack Binns* . . . *Page 44*

EDITORIALS . . . . . *Page 46*

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The ring which she returned by messenger in an envelope that held nothing else, bar a protecting sheet of blank paper, was the one sign that passed between them. Only her wastebasket knew the notes innumerable she wrote and not send. But it was long before her heart forgot to leap when Virgie brought in the morning mail and to skip a beat when the telephone rang; and it was longer before she was able to go her ways about the city untroubled by the hope—or was it fear?—of meeting Don at every turn, at any . . .

She was too proud to let any soul suspect, other than Fanny, who knew, and Beau, who, as time was to prove to Fay, must have known far better than she dreamed that the hurt she nursed was mortal; too proud even by stopping away from her job for a day to give the presumptuous any excuse for believing she had taken her flirtation with young Mr. Gerould to heart.

She was on time the next morning for the appointment Hattie Neale had made, and held her head high all day and her own in the routine bouts of repartee, technically known as "kidding," the give and take of lightly malicious personalities with which the American office worker likes to lighten the tedium of his tasks. The circumstance that she had agreed with Don to keep their engagement secret until Mrs. Gerould could be brought to approve it had confined acquaintance with it to a limited number; outside her own home only Lona knew and Dora Walter—even Hattie Neale, though she suspected an attachment and from time to time would remember to chaff Fay about it, never knew how far the affair had gone. And this made it measurably more easy to hide her wounds. Not that it was ever actually easy, for they were real and gave no promise of healing: days ran into weeks, and still the pain was unabated.

Toward the end of the seventh week the last glimmer of hope in her heart went out.

That day Fay went from the office ona by prearrangement. Lander was Chicago and, as her habit was at such times, Lona was leaning heavily on Fay for companionship. Their intimacy had survived without sign of fracture the shock which had broken Fay's engagement.

If Lona had any inkling of the cause of that catastrophe, she was not permitted to divulge it. Fay from the first, after making a studiously unemotional announcement of the event, refused to discuss it. "We found out we were mistaken," she firmly said; "and I don't want to talk about it, if you don't mind, dearest."

And when the second or third attempt had failed to induce a change of mind, Lona had wisely discontinued them and let the question rest in the limbo where, by tacit agreement, that other question of the truth about Lander's attachment waited. Some day, Lona was satisfied, Fay, of her own accord, would tell the whole story; till then it were waste of breath to tease for her confidence.

But to-day, she told herself while she waited, her patience would beyond doubt be rewarded.

"My gracious!" Fay laughed, escaping from an embrace that had welcomed her with unusual tenderness—"what's the idea, Lona? Have you fallen in love with me, or something?"

"I've always been in love with you," Lona replied with gentle seriousness: "and well you know it." She drew Fay down to sit with her in front of the cheerful wood fire. "I've something to tell you, sweet, and I wanted you to know first how very deeply I feel for you."

The slight body stiffened which her arm was girdling. But Fay said nothing.

"Dora was in a little while ago," Lona pursued with natural diffidence. "You know, this is one of her days to give Doug Gerould a dancing lesson. She'd just come from him, and he'd told her something. You remember how Don's engagement to Letty Delavan was never officially broken? I mean, never given to the papers as a public announcement. Well, it seems Mrs. Gerould has got her own way at last; she's managed to bring them together again and persuaded them to name a date for their wedding. It's to be very soon, as soon as they can make the necessary arrangements."

*(To be continued next week)*

# Classics in Slang

*Continued from page 7*

neck in love with a young youth re-icin' in the name of Marius, the son a gil which rejoiced even more in the ame of Baron Pontmercy.

Then along comes a passin' revolution and what with bullets and knives flyin' back and forth like sparrows, Paris become another Chicago for a time. Marius was foreman of a street barricade, or a barracuda, as we call 'em, and the first day of the fun he captured Jean's old-time hindrance, Javert, as a spy. The dick was sentenced to be shot at sunrise and was prayin' for a eclipse, when along comes Jean Valjean and asks permission to be allowed the pleasures of bumpin' off this pest personally.

Holdin' his gun in his hand, Jean led avert behind a bush and there cut the opper's bonds. A boob for the ages, hat?

"Beat it!" says Jean. "You're as e as advice for a cold!"

Javert fled a few feet and then turned ack with a wild cry.

"I can't be annoyed runnin' you down ll my life!" he hollers. "Cook me and e done with it!"

"Who's writin' this book—you or ictor Hugo?" snarls Jean. "Vamp!"

When Jean dashed back to Marius he und that the sheik which hadst won sette's heart and hand hadst got himf wounded. The poilus was shootin' erybody right and left, with no reds to lovers and the etc. They was y one chance to escape and that was b a sewer, but ean hadst nd t a mani- cover n his

The waters raged about him, but he raged right back at 'em and done a Ederle to the mouth of the river. When he come to the surface with Marius, who does he see sittin' on the bank waitin' for him but Javert! That simply poisoned Jean!

By this time this funny sleuth was beginnin' to slightly annoy Jean, so after takin' Marius to a medico he went with Javert to his room. Javert stayed outside thinkin' matters over. Whilst he was a officer of the law he couldn't leave Jean Valjean escape and on the other hand he couldn't pinch the guy which hadst spared his life. The thing was a stand-off all around, so Javert run back to the river and crowned a life of nonsense by jumpin' overboard and drownin'. The big stiff was all damp, anyways!

Marius, a wiry youth, got better and wed Cosette, and Jean called 'em both to his side.

"As long as Javert has kissed off, kiddies, they's no kick left in life for me no more, they bein' nobody to chase me!" he sobs pitifully, and so did I when I read this. "That bein' the case, I'm goin' to die. One side, please!"

And executin' a back somersault, he fell to the floor deceased, and legend hath it he's dead to this day!

*Another of H. C. Witwer's "Classics in Slang" will appear in an early issue*

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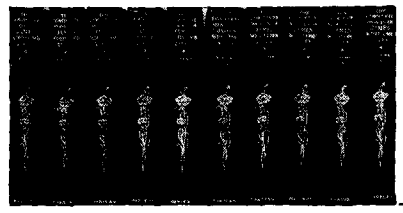

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# Collier's EDITORIALS

## We Can Afford It

YOU don't have to go to college to succeed in business. Thousands of very successful young men never saw the inside of a university classroom. A college education helps in any vocation, but it is not indispensable.

In every generation gifted boys and girls will educate themselves without much help.

An Abraham Lincoln will drive himself on remorselessly.

A Thomas Edison will learn science even though as a boy he is compelled to earn a living selling candy and fruit on railroad trains.

You can get ahead without college if you have extraordinary energy, ambition or mental capacity. But America cannot get along without institutions of higher education because in no country are all the people, or even a majority of them, of extraordinary energy, ambition and capacity.

Thomas Jefferson knew this when schools were private and education was the privilege of the rich and the aristocratic few.

When he looked back over his long years of turbulent struggle, he wrote his own familiar epitaph, which ran thus:

*Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.*

© *Ewing Galloway*

*The library at the University of Virginia designed by Thomas Jefferson*

To Jefferson public education crowned in a state university was the climax of a life's work for human liberty.

So it was. Without these public universities, the America we know could not endure.

Yet even now short-sighted opposition to appropriating money for state colleges is powerful.

Governor A. W. McLean of the progressive state of North Carolina expressed a widespread prejudice when he said:

"It has always seemed unfair to me that the state should give a man his professional training, which is an investment. It would be just as fair to give a poor boy land on which to farm, and the poor boy probably needs it more."

Admittedly thorough education enriches the man and woman fortunate enough to possess it but even more the state is benefited.

We support state universities by taxation and private colleges by philanthropy because we know that higher education is vital to the continued prosperity of our country.

Behind the expansion of every industry and profession, behind the very growth of the country itself, are trained minds.

The efficiency of business, the spread of invention, the skill of the surgeon and the sanitarian, even the productivity of the land itself, depend upon education.

College students cannot pay for higher education. The private colleges are supported by philanthropy. Every boy or girl who goes to college is the recipient of charity since almost nowhere does the tuition fee equal the cost of instruction.

Both private colleges and public universities are needed but surely our country is rich enough to pay its own way.

We can afford all the taxes spent for education.

## God's Truce

THE good time comes this week. For the greater part of December mankind is concerned to do kindness, to patch up broken lives, to heal enmity, to throw a light of peace and fellowship out into the year that is to come. The tiny bells of charity tinkle on every street. One cannot pick up a newspaper without being reminded of the duty we owe to those less fortunate, of the innumerable chances to give good things and spread good will that our modern world so richly affords.

The globe-encircling strength of Christmas is the wonder of it. The same in northern snows as in the clear air of Palestine. By palm tree or pine, on sea or land, Christmas comes everywhere to bless and cheer. Let those who despair of our modern faith remember that religion gave us this incomparable day. Let those who would argue mankind back to the senseless hostility of the beasts note well the earth-wide magic of this season's kindness.

Christmas does not stand still but grows. Its gaining power of peace and good will, as all can see right now for themselves, is today's true prophecy of what mankind yet will be.

## Weak Ties Are Strongest

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Great Britain waged an unpopular war to overthrow Oom Paul Kruger's South African Republic and the Orange Free State.

What Oom Paul lost at the end of a terrible struggle, and more, was returned when the premiers of the British dominions assembled at the recent Imperial Conference in London.

There the independence of South Africa, Australia, Canada, Ireland and Newfoundland was formally recognized.

We fought eight years to establish American independence and the Irish struggled through long centuries before the Free State was acknowledged.

South Africa, Australia and Canada have merely grown into independence.

The symbol of the king and the will of the various peoples are now the only tie binding the vast confederacy.

The British Empire in the historic form no longer exists. Like the ancient Roman Empire it fell apart of its own weight.

Yet few, even in London, regret the change.

For in this our modern world compulsion is losing [illegible] and we have learned that ties [illegible] voluntary coöperation stress strong

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